

Australian CAVALCADE

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I CHEATED at Cards—Like This!



Nobody pulled a gun, he won money, but a constable ended his career.

IT is now more than 30 years since I turned honest . . .

Nowadays, I am a law-abiding citizen, fairly well known in all States—but the name under which this story is written will not give you a clue to my identity, for it's a name-decked I've chosen as a nickname.

I'm now proud of the fact that for six months I lived by cheating at cards, yet, viewed across three decades, it is now little more than a semi-humorous memory recalled periodically by a passing word.

I became a card sharp because I needed money quickly and I had no other means of getting it. I gave it up for two reasons: I didn't like it, and it was dangerous.

When as a kid I made a hobby of card tricks, I regarded it as

The writer of this article has, for fifteen years, assumed a pen-name, but the identity is known to the editor.

merely a pleasant way of passing the time for myself and my friends. I was good, and I still am. But these days, I perform only in private because if you're known to be clever with cards, your friends are a little hesitant about playing with you, no matter how lightly they count your dill, and, on the other hand, when you win by honest means, you become self-conscious and get the idea that the other players are having nasty thoughts about you.

It's not easy to become an expert card manipulator. It means at least three hours a day practice. I started by learning to count the 52 cards into my hand, one at a time, at high speed; then I learnt how to bring any of the cards I wished to the bottom of the pack; next, to insert those cards exactly where I wanted.

At the end of a year, I could cheat so efficiently that even if I worked at slower speed, before an

audience which had been warned of my intention, my method of trickery could not be detected. I could deal myself four of a kind as a royal routine without my opponents suspecting anything until I threw in my hand with a laugh. I could mark cards during the course of a game.

Remember, I had learnt these things for my own amusement or at least with the idea of becoming a professional entertainer. But one day after I had performed before a crowd of friends, a man later caught me out and we talked; as a result, I agreed to enter into partnership with him with a view to teaching the unsuspecting. I needed money—quickly.

As a preliminary, he made me give up smoking cigarettes. That was hard, but he explained that the constant burning of the fingers made them hard, less sensitive. And he pointed out that if you make a mistake before a few friends, no one cared; but if any one caught you cheating, the result could be disastrous. I suggested using a ladder, but he told me that a ladder was a card-sharp's "giveaway."

A month later, we booked a passage on a steamship bound for New Zealand. We travelled second-class—which, my friend assured me, was where the money was. He was right, for the majority of our fellow-passengers were cheaters, a species of humanity which is proverbially swift-thrift and which, moreover, spends much of its leisure time playing "blind" poker. One of the greatest disadvantages, nevertheless, is that it is almost

on the point of extermination.

I admit I was nervous. Up at breakfast, my partner entered the saloon about 10 minutes before I did. He stood himself near a group of five players and came forward to read. Presenting an appropriate pokered to pass, he watched himself industriously for a match with which to light his pipe. He had time. A player offered him one and he was soon at the table.

I entered, and stood around waiting for the momentary instruction to join the game. I knew it would come, because hard players prefer a school of seven. When it did I was given a seat opposite my partner—which helped, because, being two paces, we could practically call the game at every hand.

My fingers were trembling slightly, for I knew that if I was to be detected at cheating, there were better places for it than at a ship at sea. And better men to be caught by than cheaters.

But all went well, and we arrived at Auckland \$200 better off than we boarded at Sydney.

This, I thought, was easy money. We closed up another \$200 on the return journey. But I still needed money.

We worked the Transcontinental Railway a few weeks later. There was a crowd of matches on the main, and they made it easy by starting to play the moment the train left Adelaide.

Better still, they weren't good players, and cheating was unnecessary. We'd been playing for a couple of hours when a one-armed man came into the compartment. I had given a bit of a play-

PROFESSOR KUNSTEIN, an

ardent music-lover, once spent some time in the house of Arthur Schreker, the world-famous pianist, and they play a concert together.

On one occasion Schreker became engaged at Einstein's delicacy in treating the tempo during a music passage. As he he could stand in an hour, he decided his hands on the keys, and said: "Yes, yes, Albert! Can't you count? It is one, two, three—oh, yes, THREE!"

ing and I offered him my seat.

He accepted, and I amused myself by playing with a little boy on the floor, glancing periodically up to see how the game was going. Suddenly, I heard an old familiar "Click"—the noise which is made when the bottom card is drawn quickly from the pack in dealing. I looked up.

The one-armed man was dealing. He won. He won every two games of four from his own deal. His wooden arm was a bulky affair, and whenever he shuffled he held the pack against the artificial hand. I realised that he was bottom dealing, because when he had finished shuffling the ace of spades was the bottom card and it ended up in his hand.

At Kalgoorlie, every musician was lining, and my friend was just leading his own. Obviously, something had to be done.

At lunch time, I spoke to the sharp, and suggested that as an alternative to my revealing that he

had cheated, he should continue to lose the money back. He did. I imagine that he'd have been very annoyed if he'd realised that it was a case of Greek meeting Greek.

There are the incidents I remember best when I recall that period in my life when I made card-sharping my career. The man was a pretty tweedy business, and throughout I was haunted by the feeling that I was playing a dirty game. Sometimes, though, I had got pleasure from taking my opponents down, for very few regular poker players are altruistic, and would have cheated just as I did—if they had possessed the shiffling.

I never cheated when my opponent was obviously of the kindergarten class, and it wasn't always because cheating was unnecessary. I guess that not far below the surface, I was heartily ashamed of my craft and by taking down the hard player I felt enough consoled by the fact that he'd have ripped the money from me if he could have.

At the end of six months I returned. I have cheated at cards but never since. It was in a friend's house. Six of us were playing and one of them was stacking the cards; although the game was informal and friendly, the stakes were high enough to justify—if that is the word—cheating.

Having spotted the sharp, I claimed the privilege of cutting the cards, and by removing only the top four, I made sure that the other's intended hand would come to me. I had only to do that twice and he started to play fairly.

Maybe I'm not the fellow to

punch, but I have a good deal of contempt for the man who cheats his friends or his friends' friends. On the other hand, I can even admire the big time cheat with a flair for organisation.

Such a man was the French gambler who caused to be manufactured hundreds of thousands of packs of playing cards and distributed them through one of the smaller States of Arizona. They were fine cards, and they were cheap and, naturally, people bought them. As a result, the Frenchman created almost a monopoly—and what was more important from his angle was that when he arrived in the States he could be sure of playing with cards the backs of which he knew as well as the palms of his hand.

Every good club of sports were selling his cards and he made a point of gaining the friendship of a member so as to be invited to the club.

He rarely lost.

There are scores of ways in which cards can be marked, even

during play; a drop of water on the corner of an ace, for instance, will be an invaluable help to the man who knows where to look for it because it leaves a dull spot. Almost every dodge of the back of a pack has four suits which may be marked to distinguish suits; and another 18 suits which may be marked to distinguish cards; and the best standby of all is the good old "daisy" design—a pack which has a kind of a clock from which strokes go out in the manner of the minute hand of a clock: the position of the stroke so, say, seven o'clock says simply that the card is a seven, *And so on.*

Don't let my story stop you from playing poker, if you like the game. The chances of being cheated are a thousand to one—but that is still too many if you happen to be the one who helps the mathematical odds to be fixed.

So here is the moral of my story in a few words:

You will never lose in any game but a friend if you do not play with straightness!



rime with animals



RODERICK THREW

A pig was strung in the gallows; a girl hanged because of a snuggle

ANIMALS have been the executioners who dealt death to human criminals; they have been the victims who have suffered court trial and death in the public square reserved for humans.

A cow dealing death to a forger, or a human hanging a pig for murder, are concepts far out of our own range of experience; yet it has been so.

It has happened as much in the historic glades of England as anywhere in the more remote recesses of strange lands. For it was in the county of York that the curious instrument of death, the "wooden," had its introduction into modern history: it was the first manner of the gallows, and the principle of it was probably known to these masters of death, the ancient Romans. In its crude form it was an axe blade on the end of a pile driven, just as the gallows was originally a forced stick.

The "wooden" was in use in those days when the theft of an ox or cow was a capital offense; and the common sight was often witnessed in Yorkshire of a cow-thief being hanged by a cow!

The animal was harnessed to a wagon, and the victim was placed with his neck stretched beneath the axle. The cow was whipped up, and walked away; as it did so it tugged on the string which descended the one which ended the life of the miserable wretch who had stolen another cow.

What principles of justice or supposed humanization presented this frightful fate of dying at the behest of a cow-executioner is now almost impossible to tell; but the record stands—and is only one of the many horrid stories to be told when somebody writes a treatise about the links between animals and human justice. One other example of the animal acting as executioner is the familiar story of the lion which tore the early Christians apart.

There have been, of course, variants of both methods, such as the elephants which were allowed to trample Indian prisoners to death, the cobra which, in the case of Kall, was allowed to bite to death protected victims for assassination. These are scarcely kindly thoughts; nevertheless these

are striking examples to show that from very early times, man in his ponderous manner has treated the animal playing the role of executioner.

It is perhaps harder to see the force of the custom of sitting in trial and judgment upon an animal, and passing a sentence upon it, which was followed up by the execution of an animal in the manner reserved for men. If the basis of the animal as executioner lay in cunning or in sadism, the cause of the latter was begged doubt ignorance or superstition. And turning from England, to the records of France alone, not less than between the years 1120 and 1741 eighty trials of animals are known to have taken place.

"These trials," says Bazant, "were of two kinds. When it was a question of punishing an animal for the murder of a human being—whether it was a bull or a horse or, in the case of children, sometimes a pig—the accused was seized, imprisoned, and brought up before the regular tribunal. The Public Prosecutor stated the case against it, witnesses were heard, and the judge pronounced sentence, which was executed at once."

But in 1286, at a time when some poor English peasant was being hanged by an ox, a cow was found guilty in a French village of having torn a child to death. It was tried and found guilty, hanged in its human office in the domain in human clothing and market place. The executioner received a special fee of 10 sous 16 deniers and was granted a new glove as a bonus.

Three years later the alderman of another French village, Montbail, accused a horse of murder, and it was a similar trial. At Nîmpe-le-Temple about the same time, a wild bull which had killed a man was hanged on the public gallows by order of Charles, Comte de Valois; and in 1494 a pig found guilty of having killed a child in a cradle was sentenced by the Mayor of Saint-Martin de Laine. This case is interesting because the actual sentence is preserved in the records. It was worded as follows:

"We, in distress and horror at the sad crime, and with a view to exemplary punishment, have declared, judged, sentenced and pronounced and ordered that the said pig shall, by the Master executioner, be hanged and strangled on a fork of wood."

The "fork of wood" is the *fourche* referred to earlier—the original gallows, which was set upright in the ground, the corpse pointing skyward. The rope ran down a beam supported by three prongs. This type of gallows, known in the ancient Romans, kept its original form for perhaps a thousand years, before it was improved.

Just as with animal executioners, so with the trial and judicial death of animals, the basic superstition was expressed in several forms. Hence, there are records showing that legal action was brought against harmful vermin—the equivalent to an Australian farmer using a plague of maggot-bait!

Such complications formally began "Monsieur, the poor wretch looks now on their knees before

AN OLD THOUGHT ON WOMEN

It's a miracle,
says my article,
If, when a woman gets hysterical,
She doesn't also get hysterical.
And leaves her husband quite
certain
While her knowledge of his
past

you with tears in their eyes, have recourse to you for justice . . ." and away went the document to outline the complaint. The victims—rats, or other pests—were formally summoned "to the domicile of the delinquents" to appear in court, and after they had (naturally) failed to respond to three such summonses were declared delinquents.

When pests had been declared "delinquents" a guardian ("custodian") was appointed. He appeared for them at the trial and often he offered, on behalf of the rats, cockroaches, caterpillars, etc., to come to terms with the plaintiffs. In such a case at *Jour de Meunerie* in 1587, the guardian pleaded that insects which were destroying grapes were not eating their "right to live," and the upshot of the case was that the plaintiffs conceded to the rats part a piece of land outside the vineyard, while retaining a right-of-way through it without, however,

causing any injury to the pasturage of the said animals.

A famous case of action against rats occurred at Avon in 1510. Bartholomew Chaucer, later President of the Parliament of Poitiers, defended the rats; he demanded that they should be summoned individually, and maintained that individual rats had been given for their appearance in court. The great lawyer found so many legal arguments and was so successful in his pleadings that he won lasting legal fame through this defence of the rats!

In these advance notes for the writer who will one day present a treatise on animals and crime, there are two other aspects to be mentioned briefly.

One of these is the animal as actual criminal, the other the animal as detective.

A citizen of Paris, having lost several silver bells, accused his maid-servant of the robbery. Circumstantial evidence condemned her and she was hanged. Six months afterwards during some exploration of the roof of the house, the bells were found hidden in a magpie's nest behind some loose shingles.

When it was discovered that an innocent girl had been hanged for a crime committed by a bird, an annual Mass was founded at the Church of St. Jean-en-Gros, Paris, for the repose of the girl's soul.

A similar case, with the magpie again in the role of the actual criminal, was reported from Florence, Italy, where the stolen article was a gold necklace. Thieves by magpies are so common in every

country that they are severely sworn; and history would be happier if there were the only two cases of people who have suffered from the bird's criminality.

Of the animal as detective the bloodhound, from Uncle Tom's Cabin to the present day, is the outstanding example; and though a bird becomes detective in Les Liaisons classiques short story, *The Raven*, it is by accident, not necessity. Back to seventeenth century Russia, however, one finds dogs responsible for the discovery of a murderer at Tobolsk, where a laboring man was slain for his wages. As the killers ran away from the corpse of their victim they were followed, more or less playfully, by the dead man's two dogs—and, try as they might, they could not shake the dogs off. They

could not outrun the dogs, or shake them off, they could not make them to kill them, though they tried. Nor could they silence the barking and howling of the dogs. In brief, they watched the countryside with their blindness and the two dogs, until they were reduced to a state of quivering nerves. Finally they walked into Krasnojarsk and gave themselves up, while the two dogs stood by, an longer howling, and watched justice take its course.

There are more or less random notes on a very wide and increasing subject; they have perhaps only the merit of being a generalizing woman, a sense suggestion of what will happen when a lively book is written about the relationship between animals and human crime.



SYLVESTER AND HIS GUARDIAN ANGELS

No. 19



Alfred, who kept her home as it had been on her bridal day . . .

The Bridal Banquet

by ELIZABETH FRICK

THERE was excitement and bustle outside Campdown Lodge in the King Street of suburban Newtown about a century ago. Then, it was a garden suburb — not a crowded residential district. Imposable houses set in spacious grounds, were served by well-to-do families.

Carrriages, drawn by well-groomed horses, were waiting in the street. Coachmen and groomers stood by the wheels, or sat stiffly on their boxes.

Even the Norfolk Island pine trees isolating the house from the street seemed, on this day, not so grim. The gay chatter of girls and their bright, gossy crinolines, lent additional color to the garden.

In the kitchen of Campdown Lodge cooks worked steadily and busily. Maids and men-servants scurried back and forth between kitchen and dining-room, pantry, cellar and garden bearing trays of food, ready for the wedding banquet.

Sydney's best shops had been

thoroughly combed of their most expensive imported foods for this day.

The rich luxuriance of the dining-room gleamed. Flowers and silver plates reflected their brightness on tables and sideboard. The older guests joined Jude Donathorne in his study, accepting a drink from the Judge's excellent cellar, and probably being bored with his reminiscences of East India — as usual.

Small boys and girls peeped through the gates of Campdown Lodge, or peered their noses against the windows of their own houses, anxious for a view of the festivities.

Their mothers and older aunts, unable to restrain their curiosity, looked eagerly from the curtained front windows, eager to see the bride leave for the church, and take in the style of her frock, her veil and flowers.

Upstairs, in the bedroom which she would soon leave, Eliza Emily, the Judge's only daughter, was the centre of a clustering

group of women. Occasionally helping her to dress, they laced the bridesmaid into the heavy corsets of the fashionable wrap-waisted era, tightening the laces until she stood like the narrow top of the hoop skirt. And, at last, she was ready. The ruffles and frills of the hoop skirt followed out around her. Her hair, curled and pinned, was ready for the veil and wreath waiting on the bed.

The carriage waited . . . The guests waited . . . The paravoy waited . . . The servants waited . . .

The Judge, still with his guests, interrupted his rooms man and more frequently to look at his massive timepiece. Throughout the house, the ticking of women gowns as the old grandfather clock in the hall ticked and ticked and ticked . . .

And still they waited . . .

Miss Donathorne sat in her bedroom, watching the pattern of the midnight move across the floor and devoured to a splutter of light — and disaster. Dark faded quickly into night — and still she sat, waiting for the husband-that-was-to-be.

He did not come. He never came. Miss Donathorne never saw him again. Not a whisper of his whereabouts ever reached her ears. Nobody ever heard, nor saw, anything of him. He disappeared as surely as if the earth had engulfed him.

When, at last, the Judge was forced to make excuses to his guests, to usher them politely from his house — he went upstairs. His daughter was still sitting there — still waiting . . .

He spoke to her gently, and call-

ed the servants to clear away the uncontracted bridal banquet, sitting in the darkness of the dining-room. But Emily Eliza cried out in protest. She would not have it touched — not a thing was to be moved.

Her father bent with her honey — patiently. To his practical mind, the strain of the day had temporarily unbalanced the girl. The table remained untouched . . .

For thirty years it remained untouched. Mould gathered on the food, which rotted and decayed away into little heaps of dust on dusty plates. Silver and cutlery tarnished and blackened with dirt and neglect. Spider webs in the room. Office scampers past the fire iron clank on the table. The Judge died. But Miss Donathorne would not have a thing touched.

She vowed that the table, untouched save by the hand of time, would stay as it was until she no longer lived.

She forewent the world as surely as if she had taken the veil. Rooms and whippers lined across the tables of her friends. Kindly souls who came to call were not received. They could only say, charitably, that she shock had permanently impaired her reason.

It took a busy crowd of gossips to be called over the fence at dinner, dances and parties.

Only the two elderly women servants knew to what extent their young mistress suffered. And they were silent.

Yet Miss Donathorne, by her own will shut off from the world, was not so stained nor shadowed by her own grief that she was inaccessible to the concern of others. The pity of Newtown knew her as a

"THE black English clown girl had made quite a hit in America. She was asked here, there, and everywhere, and one evening found herself in a happy party."

With a black smile she bowed to a lot of rich stout Albion bladders, brownest Maughams, brownest Shaws, and other British authors. That someone mentioned H. G. Wells, and her face brightened.

"We don't think much of Wells over in England," she said, freely.

"When do you mean by 'we'?" asked one of the American guests.

The clown girl looked at him sweetly. "Mother and I," she said.

kindly and generous giver. If they did not use her on an errand of mercy, it was the custom amongst wealthy women of the day, they could pass through the ever open gate of Kensington Lodge and ask for help.

They could knock on the door, and see it open a fraction—and see the child on the inside which prevented the door from being opened wide. That child was never removed. Miss Damselhouse stood behind the door, waiting to hear the request made for help. Few ever heard her voice, for she spoke only when it was absolutely necessary. But her purse, like the front gate, was open to all. She was a wealthy woman. The professional donors and endowments increased from Sydney to ask for help. She never refused them.

Sometimes on a dark, moonless night, the casual passer-by caught a glimpse of the legendary Miss Damselhouse walking under the pale trees, black gowned and shawled. Her face was not buried

so the slight air. She was just another shadow moving through the garden with the shadows of the trees and bushes—silence, mysterious and ghostly as a phantom when women did not bother their pretty heads with reading.

No picture of her seems to show whether she was beautiful or otherwise. The old house guarded her safely.

She read widely. Her books were her only consolations. When she died, she left a large and extensive library. The mind that had avoided human contact for so long sought release in the printed page.

She asked nothing more of life than isolation—to be left alone. Her reason for this action was never disclosed nor explained. Whether she feared the sympathy of her friends, or dreaded the fate of a blind woman was never known. Miss Damselhouse kept her secret unto death.

The old stone house with its gipsy fringed garden has long since disappeared in the rush of traffic

After Miss Damselhouse's death on May 23, 1885, and her subsequent burial in St. Stephen's, Kensington, the dining-room table was cleared for the first time in 20 years—for the first time since it had been laid on that day when she waited—and waited in vain.

The story may sound fantastic. Instead of Miss Damselhouse, read Miss Harbham, the eccentric niece of *Great Expectations*, Miss Harbham, the wealthy woman, wearing a broken heart and somewhat in the net, dressed in the yellowing satin of her bridal gown.

Miss Harbham, still waiting for her lover. Her daughter, the mouldering and dusty fruit still waiting over the table. The other women, "so heavily over hung with cobwebs that their form was quite indistinguishable; and, as I looked along the yellow company out of which I remember its smiling to grow, like a black fungus, I saw specter-like figures with bleached bodies running home to it, and running out from it..."

Charles Dickens put these words

into the mouth of Pip, his hero of *Great Expectations*. Pip, hidden in Miss Harbham's house to play, found the more nothing behind the people. Pip, told by Miss Harbham that she would be laid on that table when she died, saw the scene that had an original setting in Australia. But, Miss Harbham, unlike Miss Damselhouse, was made by Dickens to be feared, better and respected.

There is not any record of Charles Dickens having visited Australia. The Colony—as it was in his lifetime—appears frequently in his books. Mr. Mayflower emigrated to the Colonies. Abel Magwitch, the benefactor of Pip, emigrated to England from Botany Bay—various under and aunts and means of his character visited Australia, came to stay.

But, it is thought by some that Miss Harbham was modelled on Miss Emily Damselhouse—the disappointed bride-sister of that indelible Newman, who preferred solitude to the sympathies of her friends.



Your writing betrays you

DARCY MILAND

THERE is a story about two Dublin handwriting experts who got together and delivered verdicts on each other's handwriting.

When the pale, bent, wordy one read what the other had said about him, he pulled back his fist and wiped it on his mate's jaw.

"God's truth," cried the man-mountain, "and what did you go and do that for?"

"And didn't you say here on the paper," glared the snorecrow, "that the handwriting is of a man that has no spirit; that he is mild and shuffling, and gentle unto severity. Well, I'm slandering you, man, that you're wrong."

The giant snarled, took out a razor blade from his pocket, backed the puny fellow's neck to the wall and began cutting it into slices and pieces.

"And what in the name of the saints are you doing that for?" roared the word.

"Well," explained the big man, "it's you that read me as being irresponsible and having no control of myself—and, man, I'm just proving you're right!"

Graphological science has made life difficult for lawyers.

That yarn probably came out of a fiction factory, but it has its way of showing what graphology is, at least as one of its aspects—character-reading by handwriting. The branch of the art is practised haphazardly by ladies with blue-stocking lessons, to the trouble of tea cups and the shimmings of a shop, by fortune-tellers, who live in the peace and credibility of the brain-stewed, by down-sloped young dilettantes, who like to feel the importance of being William, and by certain persons who are not content with the extent of their true knowledge of the subject but take it on into the wilderness of delirium. This last type can be called a half-mad-half. The others are merely graphomaniacs. For all of them, the true science of graphology and graphometry has a damp as wide as the Pacific and as deep as hell, and true graphology's subliminal verities are offensive and contemptuous to all their worldly reveries.

Police handwriting experts don't leave their job in the time a takes to write a damn message, either. For six months, and sometimes

longer, they sweat and grind over the smallest lead line like a criminal knows his hideouts. They go there to practice, and a twice years before a graphologist can apply his tools reliably. Sometimes, he is a complete washout, and has to give the game away. But those who do pass these probation are an invaluable acquisition to the police department and the criminal court regard them as one-eyed king-bears. He is a man skilled in perception, observation, analysis and deduction. His experience is not measured by an almanac; it is measured by the frequency, extent and acuity of his guesses.

You might be inclined to scoff at this method, and jump in, as many do, in with the haldordish of astrology, but a little thought, aided and abetted by the opinion of renowned experts, should convince you that graphology is a rather dodged.

In the first place every judiciary in the world will tell you that it accepts the fact that no two hand-writings are identical. They are as distinct as fingerprints. They also accept the fact that trained specialists can perceive the difference in similar writings. If this were not so, what is the use of any man's signature? He might as well sign his will with an X. A man's signature is his inalienable seal. One of the best men to certify that unless a man has his; his chief means of identifying you, is contained in the way you write your name.

C D Lee, a Superintendent of Records in the police department at Berkeley, California, explained

with a man named Abbey in words a book: Classification and Identification of Handwriting, and he says this in the preface: "No system will ever supplant fingerprints for the purpose of direct identification—that is for the identification of the man under arrest. But for indirect identifications, that is for the fixing of goals on the unknown offender, or the conviction of whose crime handwriting corroborates the corpus delicti . . . an efficient system for the classification and identification of handwriting will serve to supplement the fingerprint system."

You might think you are something of a graphologist, whether you are a business man, or a domestic doing chores for the wife. Scanning the address on your letters, that is the writing on the envelopes, you say: "Ah, a letter from Joe. One from Ma, and a couple from the rear-collector." Opening your mail, you probably greet your analysis correct. All you have gone on for identification is the pictorial aspect, the look of the writing, the visual and mental comparison of the letter forms.

The graphologist does not rely on this cursory synthesis. He cannot, because he knows that the look of writing is probably the most superficial quality of a style; he knows that it is the most easily imitated. He goes much deeper, noting penmanship, tempo, width, parallel, mechanical conditions, size, slant, expansion, spacing, manner of construction, and type of writing materials. He has a psychological as well as a physiological approach.

It is not of the hardest and most

dangerous jobs in the world, that of being a crack with a pen. Graphological science has come as far that the most extraordinarily skilled forger in existence has Blackler's chance, and only a fool with no knowledge of the dangerous ground he is treading, or a devil-devil lost confidence in his supreme possession and shrewdness, ever bets a shot at it.

A criminal's writing is as much a part of him as is his soul. It is instinctively based up with his personality, and for the graphologist a man's personality is the sum and substance of his life. Apart, their writing, like that of everyone else, is conditioned by their environment, and responds with the same delicate accuracy of a compass needle to any alterations in their character. Armed with this principle, the graphologist has his means to interpret it; and in this he has the help of mechanical and physical science.

You should think twice before you become a forger. You are liable to one or all perhaps of four giveaways — concentration, calmness, absorption and extracting. A criminal is liable to these unwitting clues because of a sense of fear; he coaches up, is inclined to draw rather than write, his signature, written deliberately and slowly and yet shows an inconsistency in the size, slant, pressure and letter formation of his writing, giving an impression of uncertainty. The psychological circumstances are mental depression and guilty conscience. One of the most marked signs graphologists have found in the writings of criminals, and never among those of honest

persons, is the small oval or circle left open at the bottom, which is used instead of a dot over the letter. A shrewd example of this has been provided, as well as most of the symptoms of criminality, in scripts written by Vivian Gordon, the notorious queen of the underworld, who was done over by her pals before she could spit on them. Scientific graphology has proved that this habit of leaving the oval of letters—o, a, q, g—open at the bottom, is a sure indication of nervousness, impulsivity and impulsivity.

Regardless of time, nationality, and age, this unnatural closeness made has put the clutch under the lawless; if not in their own lifetime, then as judged by posterity. Take the seventeenth century philosopher, Sir Francis Bacon, for instance. Long before he was convicted on charges of dishonesty his handwriting revealed his crooked traits.

If a forger comes along with a hideous weakness (note of Shakespeare's plays which he claims to have discovered), the graphologist might examine the ink and prove it of a kind in use for the first time, three centuries after the bard's death. But we'll say the forger is no con. Somehow he has got hold of some parchment, vellum, wax, dog eared and soiled—a paper used more than three centuries ago. The ink as it was also in the time when Shakespeare was plucking his quill. The graphologist calls in his stereo microscope and in two ticks he has shown that the writing is over the first layer and not under it, thus proving, to everyone's satisfaction, that

the manuscript is an imitation.

When a man gives you a cheque or a draft for four quid, don't make it forty, unless you're prepared to cash off for twelve months, for the graphologist will, with a powerful beam of photographic light falling in a slant, enlarge the added number, and clearly demonstrate the difference between the two figures. And don't think you have a better chance of success if you cross the amount and specify your own. The expert doesn't worry whether you come with ink, rubber, or chemical solvent. All he has to do is take a photograph with a quartz lamp, and then he will be able to see just what the document looked like before you tinkered with it.

Blackmailers and anonymous letter writers always feel pretty sure of themselves. But they are walking on the border-line of disaster all the time. It's no good their thinking, either, that black letters are a hundred per cent foolproof. The graphologist works on principles of physiology. In

other words he compares black letter forms with their manuscript equivalents, and notes the slightest details. An offender might think he can get away with it by disguising his writing any other way.

Authority Robert Soudak can tell him otherwise.

"It takes two separate efforts deliberately to disguise one's handwriting. If a forger or an anonymous letter-writer tries to disguise his hand in a definite way, he must not only imitate some alien model, but at the same time also suppress his own writing habits. Skillful people may successfully perform the first task, but their efforts would hopefully head down in the second . . .

What really matters is the traces of manner, unconscious writing movements, those inconspicuous features which are typical of the writer's personality, which are beyond his control, and which he could not disguise even if he were aware of them, which, in fact, he hardly ever is."



THE BOSS



His workers shared in profits — in hard times, they paid him wages.

ONE of the greatest mistakes of firms in history came into this story—for the boss of the tale was the boss; he was bossy; and his employees slipped in from their weekly envelopes to pay him a salary.

It is fairly obvious that when a thing like that happens the boss must have something. And what he had was nothing less than an idea: the idea that as the workers between them run his business as a decent profit, that they should, at the end of the year, collect a share of the profits.

It is an idea which, in theory, has been tested all over the globe, but it has failed. There is no lack of people prepared to discuss the pros and cons of such an idea.

The man who put it to a practical test was Harold Meggitt, of Sydney, whose idea was soundly successful.

"I thought that if I gave my workers a little go they would cooperate to their benefit and my own as well," he said.

"And by a fair go, I mean that

half the profits each year were the unalienable right of the workers. That made every worker vitally interested in the firm's welfare, because the more the firm made the greater their share of the profits.

Removing that half of the profit, his men (and girls) work not as slaves alone, but as free men and women with a definite stake in the results of their labor, with interest, if no other motive, dictates that the goods are produced in the most efficient and most economical manner. And profits go up, as will be seen.

Unity of interest giving common ties to workers, management and shareholders, bonds, Meggitt explains, mutual confidence, co-operation and respect. They work as a team; they think as a team; they are a team.

In twelve months of profit-sharing, the mill doubled its capacity, a successful company became a progressive business, the workers got half of the net profits, the shareholders got the per cent on

their money, employees and steel are going far-out to beat that record in the current year.

What is the background to this practical speech of profit-sharing? Strange to say, he was not born with a "silver spoon in his mouth"—not was a gold one. His father was a wealthy Englishman, Meggitt himself was reared in the atmosphere of a rich man's home with all the principles and positions—social, economic and political—at the rich Englishman of the latter decades of the nineteenth century.

Even after a severe, distasteful experience, the family did not go wide, but better as their land, for Meggitt senior came to Australia to establish leased works for Lever Brothers at a salary of £1,500 a year, and that was "pretty good sugar" in the 1880's.

Another career, however, land of Harold on the road with no trade, no business training, and no cash. In those days, calling comes at the last a week was no easy job, but that is the job he took on. He had others just as busy, but the real eye-earners which prospered were his and the spirit to repeat his cause as best he was a right of the food and conditions of women on the Harbort run in the late thirties.

First chance to try out his theories came in 1913. They worked well for a couple of years. He doubled the men's wages, paid them a bonus, increased turnover, and turned a loss into a profit.

It seemed as though the application of his somewhat revolutionary business ideas was going to bring

him not only personal satisfaction, but would induce other organizations to realize that added interest for the workers would result in added production and greater profits for the employer.

Then his troubles started, his principles clashed with his directors' demands, and he tossed up his £2,500 a year job rather than carry on. That may prove to a lot of people that he was hypocrite; if he were then, he still is, because he has been fighting for, and applying, those principles, irrespective of personal loss, ever since.

Starting the present company of Harold Meggitt Limited in 1923, in the following year he brought the wages of his men from the normal rate of about £4/10/- a week to £6 a week plus a share in profits. In twelve months, from a losing proposition, the production leaped by thirty-three per cent, and was making money.

Trade wars and depression hit him hard, but he managed to weather all storms until outside credit was withdrawn completely. In 1928 he was broke to the wicks and his company on the rocks. It was not until 1943 that a French Bank came to his rescue and he got the chance for another go.

On reconstruction, losses amounting to about £20,000 were written off; the preference shareholders wrote down nominal dividends from 9 per cent. to 4½ per cent; and agreed that half the net profits should belong, as an absolute right, to the workers. The voting on these unique and financially revolutionary matters was 99 to 6.

A PROPENSITY ON SOLIDITY

Come! Pity the man who is accepting life's joys
Accepts also a debt of much avoidance,
Caring with him now, this poor Populoid,
This victim of Nostradamus both early and steady
For that thin, compressed of many lumps,
Can hold great sorrows, such as examples
Give him your sympathy nor so much of one shackle
As he digests the rubble which walls in much rubble
Come, join with me now and his and cause espouse—
Doesn't that picture your compassion arouse?
One thing I ask, a little pity obtain
For me, who would such propensities obtain,
And as for his stomach—oh, please don't shudder it
To be the same—with the money to ponder all.

—W.G.D.

It is a poor spirit who is unable to get concerns, but contrary to the general experience of the early disciples of a new creed, Maggitt's proselytes have been rewarded with an increased return in the first year of their adherence to these radical economic tenets by a 6 per cent dividend.

Perhaps the best feature of the whole scheme is the spirit of "give and take" which it has engendered among the employees. It is not just a hand-out to the men; once confidence is established they are all prepared to take the losses with the bonuses.

During the depression, the workers voluntarily reduced their own wages and raised themselves for the reduced working time to meet the conditions of trade. When a strike is averted, all the others work extra time to make up his wages and the firm

pays out benefits. When Maggitt's luck was to the wall eight years ago, they paid him a salary for two years.

They are all in that show together, rich or poor, and many of the present lurch are men who started the original mill in 1923. That, alone, speaks volumes for the men and the boss.

Political parties are disposed to flout with the idea without actively condemning or opposing the scheme, but most economists and business executives condemn the proposal and, to put a reasoned basis in the objections, cite the small number of persons involved as the only reason why any success has been achieved.

The Lincoln Corporation in America provides "a counter to that argument; it has been operating successfully for years on the same lines and a sufficiently big

and progressive to establish a branch in Australia.

That corporation had to fight the wage-fixing war-time legislation because its employees, its wages and profits, were receiving about five thousand dollars a year each.

Publicity has not been kind to the man's methods of work, as apart from an isolated instance, a few trade journals are the only ones to give it any prominence, but from this restricted field of readers, hundreds of letters are now reaching the company, generally all of them praising the effort.

Wise whistlers, water-tainted theories are not the only ones who are writing; many of these would be critical, because they would have their own pet theories which they think are better. A big proportion of the letters are from hard-headed business executives whose job it is to make industry pay; these men are usually loathe to give up the old methods are adhered to; they are anxious to learn just how Maggitt has done the

job, they are not philanthropists or idealists, but they can read a balance sheet.

Harold Maggitt believes that what he has successfully done at his Glenderville mill can be done throughout industry, with beneficial results to Australia. He goes further and visualizes the salvation of the British Empire from the fate of other dead empires by adoption of his plan to surmount Empire problems.

The plans of this man violate long-cherished and sacrosanct rights of capital as conceived by the more conservative representatives of that power; they jar the nerves of the more radical schools of industrial arbiter whose faith is pinned to the power of the strike; they bewilder the moderates of all classes who cannot believe that such revolutionary principles will ever be permitted to succeed; but they give a hope to men who pause to think that there may, perhaps, be some solution to present day, and coming, problems in the "layoffs" scheme which seems so stark.



My own performance, also in "Silent" night scenes. (See below.)

PATRICIA NIELAND
(in an interview)

I'M THE GIRL IN THE BOX



HE is Chinese, and his partner is a slender, willow, loquacious girl of good figure. She is dressed as a little skirt that falls over above her thighs, and a short bolero that leaves a bare midriff.

For no longer she is a dainty and easy-to-look-at addition to the programme as, moving capably about the stage, she helps the Chinese magician with his tricks. She seems so naive as much about the art of mystifying as the Master himself.

At the end of the show she takes off the skirt and bolero, and becomes even naiver to look at. But not for long. Clad only in tight-fitting and knicker-like remnants of the French garment she once displayed, she removes her shoes and writhes herself back into the gaudily patterned box on the stage.

Now, ladies and gentlemen, without any trickery, without using mirrors or trapezoids or pulley strings, this girl is going to be locked in the box while nine swords are passed right through it from front to back, from side to side, and from top to bottom.

The box is just high enough to

accommodate the girl when she sits down and draws her knees up—under her chin, hands clasped about her knees. It is only perhaps an inch wider than she is: just deep enough for her to draw her nose inside when her back is pressed against the back of the box.

She slides in, and it fits tighter than a coffin. The Chinese magician shuts the door front of the box. The top is open, and he puts a lid on.

He explains to you as he does this, that his ancestors practiced this torture in ancient Cathay; and that the next step is to pass a series of nine swords through this hapless girl, from every angle. She is in the box, he guarantees; and the swords are not those crack affairs that telescopes into the hole—they go right through the box and come out the other side.

What of the girl?

At this stage a boy in the audience usually says loudly and clearly (not as the instigation of the showman, either) that the girl has escaped through a hole in the floor

and the box is, in truth, empty!

I have told you so far what you are as a member of the audience, and what you will hear boys (and men and women, too) say. But the boy is all wrong about that, as I have told you, for I am the girl in the box, and, I am in the last every minute of the show. The swords come in at me, and go out of the back of the box; in the darkness I feel their cold steel, though I cannot actually see them.

I can only tell you that after the door is shut I sit there, wedged tightly in, and hear the muffled voice from outside telling the audience what is going to happen.

For the next four minutes my world is darkness, muffled voices and swirling swords.

Ping! A blade pierces the front of the box at shoulder-height, and passes by me, so close about the shoulder that it reaches the flesh coldly—and an instant later another blade flashes across the other shoulder.

Ping! Another one slices through the darkness, past the calf of my leg, past my thigh, again so near that I have even been scratched along the thigh. Another one passes the other thigh—no scratch this time!

To everybody except myself it must seem impossible for these swords to go through without piercing my flesh. But those four, driven in from the front of the box, are only a start.

I hear the Chinese's feet shuffling to the side of the box—the next blade comes past my shoulder, across my bosom, and protrudes from the other side; the

sword goes narrowly, missing my knees; and comes sharply across my leg, and could easily pass the side of my thigh, or my stomach—but does not.

I scream; not because I am mortally wounded, but to prove to a dramatic way to the audience that I am still in the box.

That heart-breaking wail may speak any in a voice which all can hear: "She's out the back—the swords into a microphone!" Is the box I grin, and get ready for the final lunge.

Outside I know the magician is swinging over the box, a long, heavy sword in his hands. He is, he says, going to plunge it down through the lid of the box. It should logically penetrate the top of my head and drive down through my body parallel to the spine. I scream again as the sword almost pricks my nose, cuts close down past my chest, and between my bosom.

Eight swords: past shoulders and thighs, across knees, top and butt, and down past hair, chest and stomach. Eight. That is all.

I hear the Chinese telling the audience that is all. I hear the audience making no secret of the fact that I have been out of the box all the time. The magician leaves them, too—and tells them that for a modest sum they may come and see.

He lifts the lid off the box and they come and look in. They see me sitting in a network of gleaming blades, like a mosquito in a big-mesh net. It is obvious that I could never have climbed in again after the swords were put there—I must have been there all

AT the beginning of their married life as English people made the following arrangement: "Whenever he had a bad day at the office, he would put his hat on the left side of his head on entering home. If she had a bad day at home, she would put her apron on backwards."

Each understood to respect the other's danger signal or adopt their aprons to the occasion. They are still happily married after 46 years.

a covering of any sort at all. I'd much rather have swords pointed at me for six pounds a week and everyone paid than be ordered to stand of the men who come up and pass remarks down into the box to me.

Of course, that's only some of them—the ones who say (sometimes rather bitterly) that death where they'd like to have three wives for a while. They can be quite embarrassing, for no girl has a really happy marriage for one countryman who said: "My wife couldn't do that—she's too fat to fit in the box." Well, she was too fat—she was standing alongside him when he said it—and I didn't appreciate the remark any more than she did.

A little better, perhaps, is the man who says quite openly, "I like your courage—what those dancers!" Even though it isn't any use the audience being interested in my knock-out time.

But there are spectators. Most men have a mechanical mind, and after the usual lead-in—"My word, that must take some nerve!"—they never moved on to the box-in-it-dance angle, as if I would be likely to need the show by selling them.

And, anyway, they probably wouldn't believe me; then aren't, as I have said, any interest, trap-door, strings to pull, or general trickery.

Positively not. The answer is simply—muscle control. I have been in Treadmill ballet; I have danced all my life; I have modelled for artists and photographers, and good physical condition is my stock-in-trade. I got

the job of being the girl in the box because I was well prepared for it—another inch round the hips, a little more flesh on the muscles, under shoulders, and I'd be out of the box for hours. Some thing if I lost my muscular fitness. For the four minutes that swords come at me, inside that box in the dark I am writhing like a python. I depend entirely on drawing in my body—on wriggling, and generally doing up the swords like that. How did I come to get the scratch on my thigh under those circumstances? I'm afraid I thought it was a little easier than it really is, and I just wasn't concentrating enough. No, I didn't forget my cue—I don't get any, except from the patter of the showman as he is at work.

And so, there is no fixed, pre-arranged order for the swords to come through. They might come from anywhere. And that's not as curious as it sounds. If the routine were the same at every session, or if I knew in advance,

it might be safer—at first. But it would give me a sense of false confidence, and I might forget to concentrate again.

As for the job, I love it. It appeals to my sense of mischief; there is a delicious feeling in the thought that you are helping to trash people, put them on the edge of their seats in a rather spectacular way. And if you're serious minded, well, there is the gambler's thrill, for I am, to a certain extent gambling on my muscular agility.

Yes, I really love the job; if you have to think about me, every one, because I am doing what I like, I am getting a kick out of it; I don't want to stop, and I'm being well paid.

It isn't every girl who is well paid for doing what she likes doing. Most of the women who come and see my performance are not. I hate them. They gaze openly at me, as much as to say: "Poor girl! Fancy having to do that for a living!"

Poor women!





AT WANTABADGERY

A battle was fought on a site now given over to another settlement.

HIS arms bared tightly with strong fishing cord, the nose of a rope coiled in neck, Hayes stood by the buggy under a flowering gum. His foot was chafed, white and a few beaded perspiration beads creased from his forehead. But he made no outcry; nor did he struggle.

Said "Bloodie" to one of his men: "I will slip the rope over the back; you can drive away and leave this gentleman hanging there."

And so Mr. Hayes, manager of Wantabadgeri station in the year 1878, would have been a proud demonstrator to the following men. Several women servants screamed. Mrs. Reid commenced to laugh hysterically, horrible.

"Bloodie" dropped his pose as the cool, calm, unassuming, "Bloodie" was, he commented, restoring his revolver to its holster; "I can't go on with it whilst women are about."

And so Hayes was spared. This drama, in part, and only part, of the curious background of the events which may become a soldiers' sentiment were. At least, it was intended for such. And it might be an appropriate end to scenes which were one of Australia's rare battlefields. For following the "hanging" of Mr. Hayes, a battle was fought—a real one.

It all started this way—

On the night of Friday, November 14, about 8 o'clock, a man had penetrated himself in the station kitchen, making for work. Hayes told the quartermaster as no secretaries present that there was no work available for him.

Then the stranger belittled, and there was an exchange of verbal anarchy. The work-master departed, but left behind him the distinctly adjectival opinion that Mr. Hayes was a bully.

The belittling stranger having

gone, however, rejoined again in Wantabadgeri for the time being. It was indeed a fine dinner; one of those scenes where planning had given place to comfort and the accidents in the true tradition of the squatterocracy.

Wantabadgeri station (it will edify, in the country of Clarendon) is situated about 24 miles east of Wagga Wagga and 27 miles from Gundagai. Formerly owned by W. G. Wender, at the time of "Bloodie's" visitation, it was the property of G. F. J. Macdonald, who resided on the station.

Approaching the house from the east, the first building one met with was the old station-house, where Mr. Reid, the owner, lived with his wife and family. About a quarter of a mile further on, on the Gundagai road, was the Australian Arms, a hotel kept by a Mr. Partington. Two roads diverged from the hotel, one the Mangrove, the other—the Eumungilly.

You can imagine the surprise—surprise, the visitation with which the servants of Mr. Macdonald's household beheld on the Sunday the approach of six strangers through the back gate. All except one, the leader, were young men.

It hardly needed the pointing of revolvers towards the servants to convince them that this was a "sneaking." Mr. and Mrs. McMillan were there, station-master and cook respectively, and the groom London.

The leader of the invaders, a bearded man of commanding presence and voice, made his demands.

First, the delivery to the servants of all horses in the household; and, two, particulars of the whereabouts of everybody concerned with the station and the expected times of their return.

McMillan and London were found themselves doing work they were not paid to do, namely breaking down the door of the storehouse with a sledgehammer and an axe.

The invaders ate and drank their fill but it was observed to those inside that, under the example of their leader, they partook only sparingly of the intemperance. They departed obviously to the "Captains," who addressed them as No. 1, No. 2, etc.

The bushranger's surprise party, having set "their" house in order, settled down to await the arrival of visitors.

Early arrivals were Mr. Webb, of Eumungilly, and a schoolmaster friend. The latter was used to giving orders, not taking them; consequently, when he was roughly told to dismount, he went off "high-kick" about it. Thereupon a short whistled past his ear. "Bloodie," who had not produced his arms, rushed over and dragged the schoolmaster from his horse—

"Don't be an old fool," he said. "You will get killed if you go on like that."

Two horses bailed in. They, too, joined the prisoners who were in the large dining room. Two bushrangers guarded this prison.

At dusk the station manager arrived, and he was thankful at the absence of London, who usually took his horse from him. He

YOU CAN'T HEAR THE HARP WHEN THE TRUMPETS PLAYING

Angus McDonald, though in lower straitened
bliss by that expression completely satisfied
And in order to avoid being thought nonchalant
Reverted to speechless opportunistic
And thus by great opportunistic
Assumed a measure of indifference
His colleague Tom Moody, though knowing plenty,
Behaved in the distant Pithless Earth
And when his services were finally indicated
They were played in a faint, softly tinkled
Now, who of these two when confronting the board
Assured the police that is virtue's reward?
Who was the more for additional Scotland?
Many Melbourne or thoughtful Tom Moody?
Obviously Angus got off with the laurels
Which brings me now to the moral of minute:
If in conversation you're given a choice,
Don't push for the brass, just reach for the silver.

—WGD

strumped swiftly into the house, to be welcomed by the arrival of two rifles and two revolvers which covered him. The man who gave the orders Baynes recognized as the peaceful work-walker of the night before. He gave Baynes a grim reception, implying that that woe-wy would get everything that was coming to him.

Now the Macdonalds were coming: the owner of the station, and his younger brother just out from Scotland. They were greeted with a variation of barkeeper hospitality.

"That came now, boys! the game's up. Get off and stay in with your mates," was "Moondie's" injunction. The elder man, knowing it was no joke, got down with alacrity. The younger saw only a lad (Warrade) looking up at him, and hastened. But again

came the voice of "Moondie": "For him if he means" and that voice, more than the threatening weapon of the boy barkeeper, brought young "Mac" back to reality.

The next day, although it was Sunday, was not a day of rest for the barkeeper.

Mr. Baynes had a habit of opening his mouth to put his foot in it. While he was eating his breakfast he ventured the opinion confidently to one of his customers: "This is bad work—very bad work!" implying, no doubt, that the young desperado should report of his behavior before it was too late.

"Moondie" was straggled at hearing this, and accused Baynes of tampering with his men. It was this incident which was the cause of the subsequent threatened

hanging of Baynes and his very near miss of death by strangulation. But the barkeeper was more his usual courteous self later on when he regaled the young "Moondie" with a meal of his father's turkeys and assigned him with a brilliant conversation which made the young man express the opinion that "Moondie" was a more extraordinary man.

More guests kept arriving. Six stockmen dropped in. They were invited to stay—permitted, in fact, by levelled guns. But the chief captor had a passion for hospitality. He went off to gather more "guests." He gathered an elder, the owner, and his wife and child. Then he proceeded to Fawcett's hotel. Pattison was absent, so he brought away with him to the happy the hotelkeeper's two children, so that the father would naturally have to follow. He also copied in, per se, another of his revolvers, given him who had dropped into the hotel for liquor, and drove the lot before him to the hotel. In modern phraseology, he was cutting all lines of communication.

By this time Warradale's basement contained a population of 44, of which Captain "Moondie" was unarmoured king.

He exercised his sense of the dramatic and the theatrical by holding a trial by jury in the dining room. A stockman, one of the prisoners, was found in possession of a weapon of some sort. "Moondie" considered that this was a direct incitement to bloodshed, which, he said, he had studiously determined to avoid. Accordingly he presided over the

trial, with two stockmen and two barkeepers as jury. They acquitted the accused, and hence was satisfied.

But Kennedy was working. He was represented by one Alexander McDonald (the Macs were very prolific in the district), who had somehow eluded the vigilance of the modern and had made his way to Waggie Wagga.

The hearing of a dog at 4 a.m. on the Monday gave warning to the barkeepers of the stealthy approach of four policemen from Wagga, who had returned their horses to the broken fence. There was an immediate eruption of armed men from the basement through doors and windows—but not in flight.

They advanced, firing on the run. The quick heads of "Moondie" must have sensed up the situation in a glance. The barkeepers turned out, and for fear of being encircled, the snipers bent a hasty retreat under a hail of bullets.

Then "Moondie's" strategy became more apparent. The police had been driven away from their horses. Three of the barkeepers mounted them, and in a rapid lunge outflanked the forces of law and order and compelled them to take refuge in a nearby swamp, through which they slashed their way to safety, congregating again later at Beveridge's Tomahawk station. Here they were supplied with reinforcements and awaited the arrival of reinforcements. Five additional police were now on the way down Gundagai.

Now nine police who had solemnly adopted the motto, "Vic-

DARKENED by the shadowy beams of a friend, Ethel Beaumont, Grand Lady of the stage, could only stare at the exquisite surroundings.

"What do you think of my place?" the young beauty asked proudly.

"It's grand," answered Miss Beaumont. "Grand in the young enough to have the courage and strength to live with anything like this."

my or Death," as Tennyson set off to retrieve the boards gained by "Moonlite" and his men in the first skirmish.

The number of captives in the basement was over 52. And it was fortunate for those people that the gang did not stay to fight the final battle in the vicinity of the basement. Instead, they had decided to make their last stand elsewhere, and were at the house of a witness named McGlade, a few miles away on the Rainsville road, when the police caught them. Their long weekend was drawing to a close.

Senior Sergeant Carroll, of Gardnagh, directed his order of battle to the police: "Gorman, you stick by me, and the rest of you, by rows, in extended order, about 20 or 30 yards apart, advance so that the right wing will close in a half-circle on the house first; while the left will close gradually around in the other direction."

Knocknagins, who observed taking up positions behind the houses, Constable Gorman called an order to surrender, but—

"No! Come on and fight, you policemen! Come on and fight, you scoundrels!"

And then the real fight started. Both sides flung away. In the front garden, young Wrennath flung to and fro helped a baggy, hopping up a comical foe. But he was first to fall.

Then the scoundrel "Moonlite," who had been firing from a distance, with weapons reloading by a colleague behind him, strode out towards the mortally wounded boy and tried to hit him. An other knacker followed him and was struck down by a bullet. "Moonlite" stood there, between the two wounded men and, with quaking nerves hanging loosely in his hand, called out, as if to the spectators on the nearby slopes, "Is there a doctor there? Can any of you attend this man? He is dying."

But the battle was so full swing. Another of the gang was down. "Moonlite," as it happened by the lack of steps to his place for a doctor, snatched his revolver and directed defiance from the verandah. Then, exhausted, his head bandaged, his ammunition gone, he dropped the gun, slumped against a verandah post, and surrendered. Unfortunately, with one of his last shots, he had fatally wounded Constable Brown.

And then occurred one of those accidents, sentimental and dramatic, which have made "Moonlite" a name to conjure with in the annals of bushrangering. Striding

over to the prominent form of Nebrett, who had a death wound in his forehead, he kissed the dying man.

"Will he really die?" he asked plaintively. "Oh! He is my only dear friend, but for him a great many more lives would have been lost."

What did "Moonlite" mean by the last remark? Was it Nebrett's counsel that took the battle away from the basement, where many lives might have been sacrificed in a general melee; or did the bushranger disguise his col-

league from showing to kill?

The battle of Warrumbidgee was ended; 300 spectators who had gathered on the nearby slopes gazed down to justify the participation and stare at the dead and dying.

Warrumbidgee, place of peace, had become a burial ground for many.

This story commenced with a threatened hanging; it ends with an actual one: "Moonlite" (his real name was G. A. Scott) was hanged at Darlinghurst Gaol, Sydney, on January 20, 1880.



Personally Speaking

DR. CHARLES H. SHILDON, designer-author of "An His Seas," currently a radio serial, died in Taipei, Korea, two days before his 50th birthday. The book has been translated into 15 languages, and 22 million copies have been sold, but, due to a faulty copyright, the author never received any profits.

LIN YUTANG, Chinese author and best seller, turned his talents in another direction and invented a portable Chinese typewriter with a board of 64 keys.

THE DUCHNE GUIN made their fourth public appearance in twelve years when they danced the Queen at a concert in Ontario, Canada.

GENERAL EMANGELINE BORTH, retired leader of the Salvation Army, has recently emerged from her retirement to undertake another crusade.

SIR THOMAS HITTLEFIELD, president of the Royal Empire Society, Melbourne, proposes to make an annual census of the producers of the best film wholly produced in Australia.

MISS E. DAVEY, B.A., the first woman to enter the field of meteorology of the Melbourne Weather Bureau, has retired after 34½ years' service.

MRS. ALBINO, ARAGON DE QUESADA, widow of the President of the Philippines at the time of the Japanese invasion, refused to accept a pension of 1,000 pesos a month granted her by the Philippines. She claimed other women needed families, plot, and that her husband would not have approved.

LAURET MELCHIOR, Wisconsin limo, and currently a film sensation, recently celebrated his 20th anniversary season at the Metropolitan Opera, New York.

JERRY COLONNA, who, with Bob Hope, visited Australia in 1944, has written an account of his travels in the Pacific South area.

STIRLING HAYDEN, stage actor and former husband of Madeline Carroll, was awarded the Order of Merit in the People on the personal recommendation of Marshall Tito. Hayden sketched a small boat carrying him to the Portiere.

FLORENCE AUSTRAL, the distinguished Australian singer, is returning home for a holiday to recover from the years of war strains.

☆ The track that leads to home—A'way photo.





Passing Sentences

A problem is a man who can disagree without being disagreeable.

A woman never knows her worst foe until she quarrels with her best friend.

Jumping at conclusions is not half as good exercise as digging for facts.

If a husband doesn't need watching, it is a waste of time to watch him. If he does need watching, it is a waste of time to watch him.

Chemical warfare began a few thousand years ago when the girls started using perfume to get their men.

Thrift is a wonderful virtue—in an auctioneer.

Oratory is the art of making deep water from the chest sound like important messages from the brain.

Public opinion is what people think other people are thinking.

When a woman begins to hide her age she really begins to show it.

More people have slipped on apple-sauce than ever fell on banana-salt.

Intuition is woman's ability to read between men's lips.

A serious impediment to marriage, these days is the difficulty of supporting the government and a family on one income.

A man who claims he's home in his home will be about other things, too.

Perfumery firms make money by putting their business in other people's noses.

There was the wife who wondered where her husband went at night so she came home early one night—and there he was!

It is better to light a candle than to curse the darkness.

(1936) Modeling the plumed hat is lovely Marie Monro. (Universally) ☆

WHAT MAKES THE Perfect MODEL?



LAURENCE LE GUAY



A well-known photographer tells the secret of good modelling.

LET me start right off by refuting a popular conception that a photographer views all women objectively. The fact that he spends so much time with beauty does not lessen his appreciation of it; on the contrary, that appreciation is as necessary to a photographer's success as the camera which he uses to capture the charm of the sitter.

I will not deny that he is critical of a girl's appearance—all men are, and the photographer is more critical than most. He has to be. It's his business to be. He is trained to recognize beauty—and not always does his conscience at all agree with yours.

It is, perhaps, a bit disconcerting for a girl to find a man to whom she has just been cordially pouring at her, as though she were a new species of womanhood. But if that man's preference is photography, she can console herself with the thought that he is placing a general value on her photogenic possibilities.

I know that this is so in my own case. Yet, strangely, if she were to ask me what characteristics I was seeking, I'm afraid that I would have to generalize.

For, frankly, I haven't yet solved the problem of what makes a model successful, nor can I define to detail the features which have caused me to suggest that she may "click" before the camera. I don't think anyone else has, either, for it's so hard to define photographic charm as it is to give the meaning of the word *Love*.

There are certain facial characteristics which will serve as a general guide in assessing a girl's potential as a model: high cheek bones almost invariably help; a well-proportioned nose; good curves of a mouth that's not over-wide. Yet all these things can become, from the camera's view, unattractive, and faults which are visible to the human eye can, on the other hand, be overcome by judicious lighting and expert make-up.

Which were or less things as look to our starting point. However, perhaps the factor which I'm most subconsciously seeking can not be described as "mysterious"—that elusive characteristic which tells the most searching scrutiny of the most two-faced instrument devised by the hand of man, the camera.

Recently, a girl came to my studio to do for a portrait which, she said, she intended to send to her fiancé in Japan. I approached the job with some of that wary sense of anticipation which comes when I know that the finished shot will go into the line of what I call my "exhibition portraits." She was by no means a beautiful girl; her face was a shade too thin, her mouth line too short.

I made a few suggestions about makeup and helped her carry them out. We took the shot—the kind of shot which I have taken hundreds of times before; a simple studio portrait which would end up over a camp stretcher somewhere near Tokyo.

The result radically vexed me. The girl had photographic possibilities which I had never noticed, and I was quick to suggest that she think about modelling as a profession. She will do a lot of modelling for me in the future—and, unfortunately from my point of view—for other photographers, too. And that incident helps me not at all in telling what I look for in a photogenic model!

Is it individuality? Certainly, that is one of the essentials, for the girl with standard camera

charm is about as interesting as the tenth carbon copy of a stock report. I have always regarded with curiosity the girl who attempts to ape the appearance of her favorite film star—and, presently, I'd rather take my Veronique Lelien by mistake of a Hollywood cameraman.

In chalk up a score for individuality, and remember, if you're seeking to become a model, that the Lulu style of hair do made Lulu but has yet to lift another girl out of the crowd scenes. Lulu got there first, that's all, and so became an individualist.

Simplicity? It's a big help, for despite wall-to-wall and long, low whistles, you is at least a member of humanity; it's my impression that when a man is skimming through the pages of a magazine, nothing stops him so better-quick as a pair of deep eyes.

Still, there's a market for sophistication and the girl who can contrive to look like a pretty Paris magazine will find lots of fashion house orders to use her services. So let's chalk up another score: 60-40 in favor of simplicity.

Posit? That's important, for the girl who makes modelling her life's work will be called upon to advertise as many commodities as there are days in a wet month. So that, in a full-length shot, case of manner is a workable arrow in the model's quiver. Poise, however, can be cultivated, and usually comes after a few months' experience.

Intelligence? Definitely! That doesn't mean that a university degree is necessary to success in the

FRANK SINATRA really tested the limits of his character recently when he gave his opinion to the well-known American anthropologist, Hooton Cartwright. What Hooton revealed that Sinatra has eyes and strength, good nerves, and a tremendous character. He says that the singer will fight things out to a finish, and can stand himself for what he thinks is right and honest. He has plenty of suggestions, but can be quite smart and shy. The only bit of analysis he says that Sinatra goes by is recommended by many people. Nobody knows who only are the Sinatra played never makes that usually he is serious and often unhappy when he is alone with his thoughts. — From *PHOTOFACT*, the world's best motion picture magazine.

modelling field. Rather, it means that the girl must be ready to learn camera tricks, to take the trouble to learn how to use make-up for photographic work, to accept the photographer's advice as the best style most suitable to her face and the occasion, be intelligent enough to help the photographer to get the best shot in the shortest possible time. In short, she must be alert enough to make the best use of her photographic assets.

Good figure? Yes, and no. Yes, if she intends to enter the fashion field, where her body certainly acts, of course, necessary to display goods to the best advantage. But if she is content to concentrate on facial studies and has the right kind of face, then she may do nicely despite her nonconforming figure.

No, dear, summing up, I'm influenced by a girl's individuality, her personal appeal, her intelligence, and, to a lesser extent, her figure.

But all this does not explain why a girl "clicks" as a model. While I admit that these things

are important in the preliminary assessment, I'm still willing to compromise with that curious preliminary sense which, if I must be forced into using such an unprofessional term, I must call, simply, a "hunch" that the prospective model will make the grade.

Models, big boys, are where you find them. A single studio portrait sent by an advertiser, may result in an assignment, and from that one job may come others, until the office clerk begins that has to make a decision: whether to stick to her other job or do full-time modelling. That is a decision which she alone must make.

Because it is in my own interests that good models should be available, I offer a few words of advice to those who suspect that they might possess the qualifications to become a model.

Don't try to crowd too much glamour into your make-up. If you're wearing a photographer with the idea of entering the model field, he'll want to see what you look like, and overmuch make-up may hide the very features for which he is looking.

Don't go to the movies as though you've come straight from acting as bridesmaid at a society wedding. The photographer is at least that sure we spoke about earlier — a matter after familiarity — and he is more likely to be attracted by a smart and simple street dress than a near-evening gown.

Don't think that you're supposed to act like a "good time girl." And if you want to stay long in the modelling profession, don't be one. A model is like an athlete who must always be in training — and a few cocktails the night before an assignment may help your job *de morte* but are your complexion.

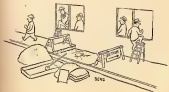
And along the same lines, taking a good sharp walk before breakfast won't do your modelling umbrellas the slightest harm. In fact, it may bring a glow to your skin which nothing from the make-up box will.

Harping in the same strain, get enough sleep to ensure that

you won't develop fatigue half way through shooting. Things go wrong even in the best studios, and it may take a full morning to get the shot required. And nothing wins a photographer more than to discover that just as he's got the lighting right and the camera right, the model is posing and nodding.

Never be late for an assignment. The photographer is a busy man to whom your appointment is but one of many for the day. You may be the best looking on his books, but nothing will bring a quicker end to your modelling career than a reputation for unreliability; on the other hand, there may be many better models in your city than you, but if the photographer, advertiser, or fashion house considers that you can always be depended on, you will get more than your share of work — for a longer period, at that.

Still want to be a model? Then go ahead — you have my best wishes.





Hammond— ANOTHER MELBA?

A famed singer, she seems destined to be Australia's Queen of Song

YOU can never tell what will happen to children.

Two hundred-odd schoolgirls were spending a week-end at home when they missed their dogs. After a search the dogs were located—tied up in the backyard of an Irish poultry keeper.

The girls climbed the fence and set the dogs free. But there was a watchdog—in place of the more usual watchdog—in that yard and, before the girls could reach their victims, they were cruelly swept off their feet by the goat.

One of these girls is now a smart habesha of Sydney's pink Prince's. The other may be Australia's second Melba.

In the naked brevity of *Who's Who* she is neatly noted: Joan Hood Hammond, singer and champion golfer. And it may be as much of a shock to the world's musical circles that their singer is a recovered golfer, as it was to Australia's sporting and journalistic circles 10 years ago to find that their golfer was a champion singer.

In this magazine some months ago Roland Foster discussed the question of whether Australia would see another singer as great

as Melba, and the factors that had to be considered.

Prophecy, dangerous anywhere, is particularly so here; yet, looking over Hammond's career and performances, assessing what she has achieved, and what the world singing set of her voice, she seems to have the best chance of any so far, of stepping into Dame Nellie's place of glory.

Joan Hammond is one of the great dramatic sopranos of our day. She has the voice and the physical strength to conquer the big opera houses and the schauering sales of "Tosca" and "La Traviata."

She now returns to her home land for the first time, since criticism of Sydney dipped hands into pockets in 1930 for the money to give her tuition and her "chance" abroad.

Since then Australians have come to know Joan Hammond by a dozen photograph records poured here, but principally for radio's frequent playing of her "One Fine Day," from the opera *Madame Butterfly*, the aria "Love and Music" from *Tosca*, and the ballad, "The Green Hills of Swaziland."

Joan Hammond is the first singer to become an international celebrity entirely by radio and the photograph. This was robbed her of international and personal appearances.

The chunky diva was unlucky. She made her operatic debut in Vienna in 1929, the year the war started, and a subsequent contract for Vienna had to be postponed. She went to Italy, but got back to London before Italy passed the war.

She has not been to America, and her only other opportunity to sing on the Continent was at the former Belgian home camp and a few military camps after Germany's defeat.

She was born in in Britain during the years she was taking an musical studies, when she would have gone as far as to another of the great opera houses, from enough to triumph. Even so, she did achieve some internationalism through records and the B.B.C., making her voice known to critics and potential audiences in Empire countries, America, and a fringe of Europe.

The day Joan Hammond won the N.S.W. women's golf championship on Sydney's Rose Bay course it was pouring rain down when she left the clubhouse to the time she got back. Naturally, as a contented she was not reporting the golf herself that day, but a male colleague from the Sydney Sun was there to follow her around the course.

Joan had a large golfing wardrobe, the sort of multi-trimmed thing that shades businessmen (but the girl would not hear of shelter

ing under a wide winging for her appearance) shorts. She impatiently refused it and insisted on the caddy and her fellow reporter using it.

"You've got to write this," she told him, "and you have to keep dry. This is your work—I'm only playing."

That was the unconsciously sporting, generous sort of thing that endeared her to her colleagues during five years of journalism. She was about 30, very popular and an unconsciously good mixer, a short girl, thickset as most women golfers are apt to be, with pretty face and pretty hair. Nobody thought to call her plumpness, because the word had not yet become a journalistic cliché.

She was a women's sports writer. She did not write only about golf, but covered hockey, tennis, tennis and the rest. She would not have been happy reporting an arm sport, just as she was never happy to pursue any one sport, or one interest.

She was one of those exceptional girls. She was a very good tennis player and swimmer, was runner-up in the 1934 State squash final, sailed her own 35 ft yacht until a storm tore it down its masts and smashed it, and at the same time took words and singing lessons and studied three languages.

She was her first junior golfing championship while still at school, in 1929, and obtained her title in 1934. She was runner-up in the State championship in 1931 and won the girls the following year, and again in 1934 and 1935. In 1933 she was runner-up in the Australian open championship.

DOUBLE TROUBLE

Happy the man who, with his
offering colored,

Finds that they've been dupli-
cated,

And having studied the youn-
gling pair

Can go round gathering from
how to how.

She was a member of the first
Ladies' Golf Union team to visit
New Zealand, and played against
a United Kingdom team in 1934.

In 1936 she won the N.S.W.
Champion of Champions title and
in the same year induced her husband
to drop in two.

Her sporting successes were
never a temptation from music.
She enjoyed her progress and im-
provement, but simply as a girl who
always did well whenever she took
up. Sport was incidental; it never
went half-way to satisfying her
ambitions, which was always in
singing.

She had done her first public
singing about 1920, was going to
Sydney Conservatorium for violin
lessons with Laurel Lawton, and
voice lessons with Spencer
Thomas, and later to Lute Drum-
mond for operatic coaching. These
incidents of Sydney's North Shore
launched a movement to send her
abroad. A fund was opened,
backed by the Ladies' Golf Union

and Sydney's Star, and with Lady
Gower (wife of the then State
Governor) as a generous in-
terested patron.

In January, 1936, they put her
on a ship. She travelled alone,
without her parents, a girl not yet
24. But she was not nervous, not
lonely—her friends have never
known her to lack abundant con-
fidence.

She studied first in Vienna for
12 months. She then met her
mother in London, and presently
went to Italy to have Dino Ro-
gnoli as her singing master.

By 1939 she was ready for her
operatic debut, in Vienna. She
sang *Martha* and *Payllone*, but
wisely refused a three-year con-
tract, with war on the way.

Her Maestro singing has given
us some delicious recordings from
The Magic Flute, *The Marriage*
of Figaro (the "Dove note" aria
and its relatives), and *Don Gio-
vanni* ("Crawl one, thou hast be-
trayed me").

In England she has been busy
with the Civil War Opera Com-
pany, the B.B.C., recording, and
singing for the troops.

Friends who met her over there
during the war have been con-
vinced that she sings her songs
under impossible camp con-
ditions and in all weathers—such
as works at Scope Flare, when
she was taken out to Fleet ships
in small boats, buffeted in collisions
against storm and spirit-drift. But
Joan, who had put her name down
for the W.A.A.F. and the
W.N.S., and driven an ambulance,
had joined up with E.N.S.A.
(the entertainment corps), and
that was a tough service. It took

her all over France and Germany,
and to a pathetic audience of
2,000 displaced persons in disin-
fected Belsen camp.

An George Wallstone, promi-
nent Sydney radio commentator
on music, points out, Joan Ham-
mond has a mezzo-soprano voice
perfectly suited to Puccini. Her
"Ora Puro Dio" (*Madame Butterfly*),
"Lovely Maid in the Moon
light" (with David Lloyd, from
Salome), and "Love and Music"
(*Tosca*) are her most brilliant
and impressive recordings.

"She has a voice of fine quality
and true pitch—never out of
tune," he says. "She has very
good musicianship, and her phras-
ing always seems just right." It
is an emotional, operatic voice,
which, he remarks, she has not
demonstrated to be adaptable to
the lighter and more comic of
Rach or of Strauss. For this
reason, concert-goers have been
awestruck with utmost her Aus-
tralian concert programmes, to
judge her timbre and discover
the breadth of her talent.

THE WORLD AT ITS WORST



DON'T Laugh AT YOUR WIFE

There are few habits more dangerous to marriage than ridicule . . .

PAUL ROSENBERG

RUTH is overweight—no doubt about that. Fred always gets a laugh out of his wife's figure.

"When are you going to put in that trimmer again?" he asks a neighbor. "Let me know when you're ready to roll it, and I'll lend you Ruth. Just put her on a sack and you'll have the best roller in town."

Everybody laughs—except Ruth. "Come on, funny fella," she retorts. "You're getting soap all over your clothes. I'll have to bring an oldcloth life for you next time we come to the Johnsons for dinner." She turns to Mr. Johnson: "I'm going to pick out for my next husband a man who has better table manners."

And as they continue to stink each other up indefinitely with pretended jokes, the only real purpose of which is to hurt—and to hurt badly. They are hurtful, and the battle is poisoned.

A large number of husbands and wives pick at each other in this way. Few habits are more dangerous to marriage. Each a prisoner of humor is one of the commonest ways in which husband and wife express their hostility toward each

other — with gossamer wares.

Why do they feel such hostility? Because they have never grown up. They are still children, unable to live in a co-operative partnership because they lack confidence in themselves, must always be asserting themselves, trying to get their own way like spoiled children, and deriving satisfaction from senseless squabbling because they thereby make themselves for the moment the centre of the stage.

To deal with the problem, one must naturally go behind the stink and smear to the underlying reason for them—the real cause of the hostility that is being expressed in this petty and hurtful way.

"The cause is plain enough," Fred expostulated. "It's Ruth's figure—if you call once a figure. The just trying to get her to reduce."

"I doubt it," I answered. "Her figure is just the excuse for the treatment." She was slender, then you'd pick on her because she isn't dainty as well as you do. If she lapsed, you'd jump on her for that. If she had a burlesque, you'd always be reminding her of that, and kidding her on it.



But let's assume that you are properly concerned with the fact that she has become one of the stink stinks. If you had a boy who was too fat, would you feel that the only effective treatment was constantly to torment and humiliate him in public?

Fred looked a bit uncomfortable but replied, "He could eat less, if he wanted to."

"No doubt," I agreed. "What then, does she eat too much, with this unfortunate result?" Assuming that it is not wholly a mere medical problem, I suspect that her gluttony has a psychological explanation. It's partly an attempt to find satisfactions and enjoyments in life that will take the place of those she should be finding in marriage but is not now finding there. Thus the real cause of her overeating is the same as the real cause of your ineffectual attempts at wit—namely, that there is some thing the matter with you!

But Fred was ready with an answer. "All the books tell of the danger of repressing feelings of hostility, of refusing to recognize and accept them," he asserted. "Surely you'll admit that every psychomotor points out the need to face these tendencies frankly—not to deny them to yourself!"

That attitude requires a little further analysis. There are three points to be considered.

First, it is true that children are allowed, within limits, to express their hostility, but this is part of the general process of growing up.

But Fred has gone beyond the age at which he can afford to try to solve his problems in this manner; or to refuse to accept to

solve them and merely tell back on ridicule as a substitute.

Second, it is desirable for Fred to recognize and admit to himself these childish traits; but he should not stop there. Many a person not merely recognizes but, one might say, boasts of childish behavior as an attempted justification for remaining at a childish level when he ought to be an adult.

"I'm just a baby when it comes to being fat," Mr. G. advertises.

"Don't expect me to know—I'm too drunk," Miss J. swears.

"If anybody does that to me, I know I can goad and punish," Miss G. declares. "I have an absolutely unmanageable temper."

All of these persons find it easier to behave like babies than like grownups. They don't want to change.

Third, after you recognize these hostile tendencies of which we are speaking, the first thing to do is to act on that knowledge. Stop hounding your wife by being unpleasant, at her expense, and begin to encourage her a little by word and example.

"But, doctor, that will just encourage her to stay fat," Fred exclaimed. "If I ceased to be perfectly satisfied, she'd have no reason to change."

"Is your uterus leading her to change?"

"Not yet—that's just what I'm kidding about."

"Then it's time to try a new tack. Instead of bedraggling her all the time, stop all pick at her expense or at the expense of marriage, and begin to act like an adult."

"Ruth may feel just as much

hostility toward you as you do toward her. It may be that her overweight is, in part, a sort of husbandly way of punishing you for your excessive and unsatisfactory, but quarrelsome like that keeps you quit joking and begins to take marriage seriously."

There are worked out a programme along these lines:

1. Recognize frankly your own feelings of hostility. There would certainly be no advantage in trying to cover them up, in denying them to yourself, in pretending to be

2. But if you recognize and accept them in this way, you are thereby largely freed from any necessity to express them in manners. You can simply laugh at them to yourself, while starting in to remove them.

3. Work on the sex psychology all the time. Begin to get on

consciously, your feelings of repugnance. Don't try to identify yourself with your wife, of course; but try consistently to identify yourself with your marriage.

4. For the present, don't worry about your wife's failure to do the same thing. Give up denouncing or even preaching. Set her a good example. Give positive, not negative suggestions. If you keep before her the idea that she is a good wife, she will be much more likely to try to be a good wife. After all, her awkwardness (or any other handicap, for the principle is a general one: overweight in Ruth's case but any one of a hundred other things for any other wife or husband) is much more disturbing and humiliating to her than it is to her husband. If she has not got rid of it, there must be some reason.

The reason in this case, as I

have already said, is probably double: on the one hand, it's a way of punishing her husband, of "getting even" with him; on the other hand, it is an attempt to find some satisfaction in life, some of harmful ones. If she discovers that she no longer has to fight her husband, her first reason will be removed. If she begins to get some greater satisfaction out of marriage, the second reason will be removed.

5. As you begin to identify yourself more with marriage, and do a little more teamwork, you'll be able to turn toward whatever feelings of hostility you still retain. Find an object for them outside the marriage. Go after something that is wrong in your community or in the world at large, and try to improve it.

6. Finally, and all the time, be improving the foundations of your marriage. Remove all of them to

see which ones need strengthening. Is it the sexual adjustment? The problem of handling the family finances in a fair and democratic way? The need of more normal social and recreational life for husband and wife? Interference of in-laws? Disagreement about the disciplining of the children? It may be any or all of these or a dozen other things.

Now may you are in a group of intimate friends, note how many of the husbands and wives are showing their hostility by ridiculing each other. It's too common a fault; and it's likely to end by becoming a fatal fault. All too easily it becomes a habit. It must be treated like any other bad habit.

Make up your mind that under no condition will you yourself form the habit of ridicule, and permit yourself no exceptions. Do not jeopardize love for a laugh.





☆ *How To*

(1) It is essential that you never volunteer willingly to fix any gadget about the house that may go wrong.

(2) To replace a blown-out fuse you will find the correct size is to call the electrician people, they enjoy men for the rest of thing.



FIX *Things*

(3) Gas and water pipes are a crash for the man who prides himself on the things he thinks he can do.



(4) Chains should be removed in such a way that they will collapse when *Maestro* is all set for the day afternoon too.

150 When sports and recreation are enjoyed in the open air, the mind is kept in a healthy state and the body is kept in a healthy state.



160 . . . the kitchen next door away on the good work.



Medicine ON THE MARCH



CHewing gum, fortified with Vitamin K, reports the Journal of Dental Research, is effective in preventing tooth cavities.

DR. HERMAN N. BUNDESEN, of Chicago, suggests that unbridled emotion may be among the causes of arthritis. Outbursts of temper, constant worry, or nervous tension bring about changes in the nervous system, which, in turn, controls all unconscious but vital activities of the body, he says.

DPT, short for di-nitrophenyl fluorophosphate, was not successful as a war gas. But, tried on patients suffering from glaucoma, it was discovered that the gas helped to prevent further loss of visual fields, reported two doctors of the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine.

DOCTORS have always feared heart disease as a grave complication of rheumatic fever. Current research shows it may also affect the brain. Though the British Medical Journal was cautious in its comments, American research showed that five per cent. of patients in one general hospital had suffered from rheumatic heart disease.

THE successful treatment of one Stimson's disease, brought on by more or less complete destruction of the pituitary gland, has been accomplished for the second time at the University of California Medical School. This gland is an important body regulator, and its destruction results in the de-organization of the whole endocrine system of the body. The victim lost weight, sexual function, and was afflicted with mental and physical debility. Small soluble tablets containing the hormones, testosterone, were placed under the 24-year-old male patient's tongue at intervals over a period of nine months. He was completely restored to health.

*JUNGLE JUICE goes to town

MICHAEL OSHANE



In the Great Beer Drought, distilling reached an all-time high.

ASSUME that you have an ugly thirst and that you know where to get the right medicine. "On the black," of course, but still the right stuff. You are not alone in this: your friends do it too, and they are more than likely drinking enough water the chemical content of which would take the taste off your tea.

The wine you took home to regale your friends at dinner would probably be more effective in the petrol tank of your car! There is nothing like a liquor shortage to make people the pious which in New Guinea were frankly jungle juice and on the extra dollar only in the dignity of the label on the bottle. This was so in American prohibition days, and has been so in Australia since the war—in Australia the jungle juice tradition goes back a long way.

The dry grog trade is as old as Australian history, and the distilling of illicit liquor is as old as Australian agriculture. Spirits (rum) were a common form of barter for labor, goods, and land, and the absence of the "rum traffic"

in the early years of colonization are a feature of every Australian history book.

Knowing Pinta, on the Parramatta River, and the headwaters of the Lane Cove River were the main centres of the moonshine trade in the early days, and its quality was apparently little better than the present-day article, if an inscription on a bottle—now formerly at Parramatta—is to be believed. It read:

"He who drinks Squire's beer, Lies here."

Squire, however, was the first Governmentally-recognised brewer in the Colony, and the "Government Ordinance" of 23rd March, 1800, stated that his product was "in no single degree inferior to the best reported article." This suggests that the moonshine acceptance was the work of an ardent temperance advocate or else of an exasperated manufacturer of the rival moonshine.

But neither the thirsts of the early colonists, nor the orders of the long-suffering dignitaries of the gold-boom, are succeeded in pre-

venting illicit liquor in the same degree as did the shortage of the war years just passed.

The small stiller, struggling to make ends meet on his bush-induced selection and satisfying his own thirst from a crude still which also provided a small surplus for local sale, found suddenly that his product was in demand, and the shortage of the locally-produced article brought immediately a host of crooks and cut-throats eager to cash in on the business, both as manufacturers and distributors.

These conditions produced two types of moonshiner, the professional and the amateur. The amateur of war vintage is in the main a misbegotten beer enthusiast who occasionally needs a good recipe by adding a little "something extra" to give it "more kick," and then alternates his best friends by insisting that they imbibed the weird concoction produced.

One of this type is in every office, every suburban street, every club, and in New South Wales alone about one hundred of these home-brew experts face the court and pay a fine every year.

The professional situation, not a war growth, is found largely in foreign community settlements, particularly the irrigation areas, where the famous national liquor are prepared for large consumption and for a very limited circle of friends. The practice is very prevalent in such places and the grant on a bush crop may be regarded with some potent beverages which are the very sector of the gods.

Home-made cider is popular in

orchard districts and honey-mead fields plenty of advocates where the bush bees are busy. The latter beverage, although reputedly non-intoxicant, can be sharpened very easily with a kick like that of an octopus in water.

The war-time professional is concerned with big profits and quick returns. His one object is distillation in quantity, it does not matter what sort of reagents he produces provided there is plenty of it to keep up the supply for the army of men fighting to pay over their land-normal costs for the privilege of passing the bill down their gullets.

These go-getters are the prototype of the worst kind of bootlegger of the American "dry" era—permanently "Rake in the dough while the mine's good," is their motto, and to hell with the cost of materials, of machinery, of physical, and general means left behind.

Fortunately for Australia, moonshine made from a wood-alcohol base is rare, as the physical results of imbibing the concoction are not so catastrophic as they might be. This is not due to any public-spirited scientist concerned by our local brand of bootleggers, or is simply that he has a cheaper major constituent available, namely the sweet, nutrient plank procurable.

Nevertheless, Australian troops during the dry era of the New Guinea campaign suffered some casualties from "jungle juice" and similar concoction and weird potions misquoting as liquor took some toll in the Malayan campaign.

Distilling plant is crude, primi-

rove and normally dirty, bygone is unknown) classification of the product of unquarried, even of the pitman extracted under legitimate distillation, a method of, meaning of the resultant spirit is regarded as a mere waste of time and money, and the product for sale is the evolute, never before unquarried, though admittedly it is sometimes flavoured with a dash of genuine spirit.

Private sale for an illicit still is in rough, inaccessible country, where approach and detection are difficult. Crown land adjoining a bush selection is popular. Kerosene officers might be on hiding for days, then, in August, having seized the still, they find that the man who has been digging potato rows in the adjoining field all the time is blithely ignorant, and frequently personally indignant, that such nefarious operations had been carried on in his neighbourhood. Yet, no one else may have been seen within miles of the place.

Whereas in previous days one gallon was the average haul at a raided still, thirty and more gallons of spirits have been taken in one raid in some years. In the Robertson (N.S.W.) district, after four days and nights of hiding in the bush, keeping the plant under observation, the officers took four stills, some spirits and hundreds of tons of distilling material, much of which was a national protest, for which the housewife passes over good coupons.

Clay plants, some of elaborate nature, with extensive anti-detection devices, have increased recently; one of these yielded thirty gallons and two stills to the

revenue officers in a recent raid.

During the past twelve months, convictions have been secured against thirty large-scale operators, two of which brought the maximum penalty of £500, and many fines of £100; all, of course, with confiscation of the plant and the crop.

Prohibitory breeds contempt and contempt led to neglect of detail resulting in the apprehension of one transport operator. Officers knew that the liquor was being distilled north of the Hawkesbury, but a timely check of the coach-based transport failed to reveal the carrier until one was noticed that a funeral hearse seemed to be doing an extraordinary amount of business along the road. The operators did not bother to change the wreaths on the coffin. The spirit of the deceased was duly released in a police station—four tons of crude, raw, fiery spirit.

It may be thought that moonshine will fade before the bright rays of several post-war supplies of grain. War-time substitutes will necessarily disappear in competition with good quality liquor produced legitimately, but there is still a profitable field for enterprise in the production of equally good quality illicit liquor, mainly because the profits outweigh the maximum fine—the penalties are not heavy enough.

Oh, for the good old days when that same duty was twopenny per gallon and a man could get a pint of beer, with a good square meal thrown in, for threepence—and know that both were legal and pure. And a man could raise a drink—it was healthy then.



"Is there a popocatepet in the house?"

YOUR LOCAL MEMBER



FREDERICK T. SMITH

An intimate glimpse into the life of an average politician

BETWEEN the politically astute John Jones, who is a neighbour, and the John Jones, M.P., of Parliament House, Canberra, is a wide gulf bridged by a halfway-man.

This is election year and soon every John Jones, driven by ambition, political fervor or just plain public-spiritedness, will cross the shaky bridge that leads to Canberra.

Maybe your John Jones will survive the tumult of election and the caprice of his fellow citizens, and, slightly bewildered, will finally get to Canberra. Then he will begin to wonder whether being a member of Parliament was worth all the trouble.

Party soon the planner will start to wear off. John Jones will find himself much worse off financially than he imagined he'd be, and he will find, also, that he has to face up to a long and painful period of readjustment.

Often he catches himself won-

dering whether he wouldn't be much better off mowing his lawn or back at his desk job, instead of living most of his life away from home, and having the small degree of domestic privacy he tries to organize interrupted by a stream of importunate constituents who regard him as an employee without any personal rights at all.

Here is a typical Canberra day from the desk pad of a rank-and-file Parliamentarian last session.

9 a.m. to 11.30 a.m.—mail.

11.30 a.m.—introduce deputations of constituents to the Minister on farm machinery.

12.30 p.m. to 1.15 p.m.—lunch.

1.15 p.m.—second meeting of a Parliamentary Committee.

2.30 p.m.—prepare for meeting of the House of Representatives, couple questions to be directed to the Prime Minister, check notes of speech to be made in the House.

3 p.m.—House meets.

From 3 p.m. until 11 or 11.45 p.m. during the sitting of the

House the Member may not stray far—the Party Whip sees to that. He can spend an hour or two in the ballroom room, catch up with his reading in the library or search a few quick ones at the Parliamentary bar. If the Bill before the House attracts the particular category of constituents he represents, or if the measure is one of unusual importance, he is obliged, if he is a conscientious Member, to spend most of his time in the House.

To the large proportion of Members who have entered Federal Parliament, the salary of £1,000 a year is attractive, and to some it represents affluence on a modest scale. But whether the Member spends most of his time in Canberra or in his electorate, £1,000 a year goes nowhere.

Suggest call on his £1,000 is made by the Treasurer, who extracts from his fellow-Member exactly the same tribute in return as he extracts from any other member of the community. There are still a lot of people who imagine that Parliamentarians who neglect the man escape these themselves.

The Member gets a railway pass which enables him to travel free on any railway in the Commonwealth. Until recently he had to pay all his other expenses out of his own pocket unless he was on specific Government business as a member of a Parliamentary Commission. Now, however, he gets a daily allowance for the time he spends in Canberra.

I know one diligent rank-and-file Member with a large country electorate whose first three years

of Parliamentary membership have cost him all the private resources he built up in many years of professional work.

As a member of a Parliamentary Commission, the rank-and-file Parliamentarian, by living frugally when on the job away from Canberra, may be able to make a small profit on the two to three pounds a day expenses which the job carries.

Every rank-and-file Member of letters seeking donations to this or that local charity, and the Member must pay up if he wants to keep his popularity—and his seat. It's hardwork on a subtle form, at least, but the supplicants regard it as part of their Member's duty to pay, and pay the Member must, to the very limit of his financial resources.

Until recently a Member had either to handle his Parliamentary correspondence himself or join with a group of fellow-Members to contribute to the salary of a helper. Now the Government has given each Member the right to a secretary to do the most tedious chores and relieve the Member for important duties.

The rank-and-file Member has a stamp allowance of £36 a year, which must cover his mail and his telephone facilities.

Your Member has access to the best library in the Commonwealth, and he may have his books posted to him whenever he may be.

He has the use of a splendidly furnished restaurant in Parkes next House, but he must pay standard prices for all his meals. Before the allowance was intro-

duet, many Members, to save the shillings, walked the mile back to the Hotel Kensington to get the meals which they paid for as part of their board and lodging.

In the Parliamentary bar—which is on a lower plane just the same as your corner pub—your Member pays for his drinks at the usual prices, and he's on a cigarette ration.

In Parliament House he can find a locker, shower room, rest room and even a pillow and blanket if there happens to be an all-night sitting of the House.

Your Member will go to Canberra for the first time as M.P. first with enthusiasm. For the first few weeks he'll be slightly awed and bewildered by his new environment. After all, he's just an ordinary fellow like you and me, and it probably won't long amaze when all the big-time politicians he is now hobnobbing with were just dummies in the newspapers.

The Whip will write his name in the Party book, and he'll select his seat in the House and put his name on it. He'll probably select out on the best seats because the old hands will have got there early. But if your new Member is wise he won't worry about being on a remote back bench for his first Parliament. He'll learn quicker and less painfully back there.

In the first few weeks he'll attend a lot of Party meetings, and, again, if he's wise he'll just listen for a while. Nothing like the old hands more than a noisy newcomer.

Having achieved the hazardous crossing from private to public life

via the hellacious bridge, your Member will probably think the rest will be easy, and that a place in the Cabinet and a room with a view and his wife as the door is just a matter of course.

He'll soon learn that first Parliament Ministers are very rare creatures and that the odds against his ever becoming a Minister are high indeed. He'll also be under hush when he learns that the average age—Parliamentary life—of a Member is less than two years.

Presently, however, your new Member will settle down. He'll learn the principles of the job and tread the corridors of Parliament House with more confidence. Soon he'll be calling Ministers by their first names.

He'll learn how to handle recalcitrant constituents, and by constant study of the Standing Orders he'll learn the tactical points of Parliamentary debate so that one day he might become as proficient in this respect as the late John Curtin, who was a master.

In private life your Member will be as unobtrusive as he can because his political career will be the spotlight as far as he's concerned. In public life he'll learn to be the friend of all.

If he has the right temperament your new Member will like the excitement of Parliamentary life because, even in these hard days, there's still a bit of glamour left in it.

But, unless he has a large private income, your Member is likely to go out of Parliament a poor man. Public service offers no riches



"He is the boss!"



MEN WITH TAILS

JULES ARCHER

THE Philippine island of Mindanao, a few minutes south of civilized Manila, is the home of a strange, backward tribe of people known as Mangyunggo. Filipinos themselves know very little about the Mangyunggo . . . except that there are many of them deep in the central ranges who have tails. I repeat—tails.

We didn't believe it either, at first. But our honest and intelligent Filipino guide, Eustacio Tuyen, swore that he had seen these tails himself. So did a few other educated Filipinos. According to their description, the tail range is also from one to three inches, projecting from the lower part of the spine, on all proper tails do.

We were naturally anxious to see for ourselves these living arguments for the Darwinian theory. But Eustacio insisted we would be lucky enough to discover a single Mangyunggo down from the distant hills. As for travelling to

their domain—too far, too impossible . . . and the time had set in.

We decided to settle for the tall-tail Mangyunggo who were scattered in the mountains within a few hours' struggle by jeep. Eustacio navigated our course over endless cords and through tall open grass that closed in every one's heels as we bulldozed a path through it.

After a few hours we found our first Mangyunggo family. Their home was a dirty hut in, little different from the shelters of the more savage centers of New Guinea. Mangyunggos themselves are a very small people, much darker in color than the Filipinos, with long black hair, scabby bodies and African-type features. Their clothes are anything they can lay their hands on—or simply nothing but loincloths.

To win their confidence we gave them some sweets and chewed gum. After polishing off the

sweets, they also chewed and swallowed the gum. Then we showed them photographs of Pinoy men, which they regarded with no expression. Really we discovered they were holding their specks down, so we turned the photos around in their hands. When it dawned upon them what they were looking at, they broke out in unbridled gales of glee.

Through Eustacio, who could speak their dialect, I questioned them on their beliefs, customs, systems and work. We checked their answers with other Mangyunggo families we discovered, so that by the end of the day we had a distorted, somewhat incredible picture of a tribe living on the edge of civilization, yet forgotten by time and the world.

Mangyunggos are gypsies by nature. Roaming in family units through the mountains, they seldom stay in one place for long. In the rainy season they plant corn and rice, substitutes of their diet. They also grind some obscure plant called *ayaya* in a wooden bowl, the prepared food of which resembles popcorn. Hollowed bamboo tubes hold their supply of rice, fermented coconut juice.

Mangyunggo men hunt wild pigs with bow and poisoned arrows, and some snare birds out of the old wick home-made diaphanous. A few Mangyunggo families will grow and cure tobacco (*Manilla*)—the remarkable one very kind of *Shag*. All Mangyunggos like the Guinea natives, chew betel-nut, which accounts for the fiery red color of their gums.

Nothing is produced for trade or barter. Each family is self-

sufficient, a world unto itself. One family we talked with—Palo Macab, his wife Oina, their children Anik, Pasa, Dagay—were recently prevented to part with bows and arrows by Suluers who paid in peace. Palo Macab made a long, haphazard trek to the nearest Filipino village and spent all the pesos for three kilos of salt. No Mangyunggo family ever owns or requires a single article.

Mangyunggos do not have holidays—because they cannot count. Not one of them knows how old he or his son or wife is, nor does he care. Their only calendar is the rainy season. When it comes, he knows it is time to plant his corn and rice. He celebrates no holidays, no feasts, no festivals, being in this respect even more backward than the heaviest tribes in the darkest corners of the world.

If a Filipino should make an appointment with a Mangyunggo for the latter to come to see him in three days, the Mangyunggo will in three hours be a shade of green. Each time the sun rises he will settle his hair. When he settles the shade he knows it is time to journey to his appointment.

Death is no fearful stranger to the Mangyunggo. Never having seen a doctor, a missionary or a monk, he accepts death on its own terms. When a Mangyunggo is sick, he simply goes to sleep. Sometimes his family will boil the roots of a certain tree and feed this soup to the ailing or medicine. But usually patients are left entirely to the mercy of nature. As one Mangyunggo told Eustacio simply, "If you are meant to die, you die."

If you are meant to love, you love." Almost every Mangyang letter by a passionate male has died.

Funerals are simply a matter of dignity: a hole and depositing the body. When we questioned Mangyangs as to their beliefs as an after-life and their concept of a God or gods, they expressed total apathy. Who made the sky, the trees, the stars—who gave them good crops? They didn't know. Would they like to know? Yes, they would like to know.

There is no Mangyang marriage ceremony, no dowry, no vows. A Mangyang man takes a Mangyang woman and they have children. As simple as that. Yet sexual, as they may be, there is no divorce problem. A Mangyang man stays with his wife and children.

The Mangyangs also have a peculiar moral code. If one kills another, the murderer will seek out the victim's next of kin and confess his crime. He will then wait for the "Government" to call and take him away for his punishment. Why does he confess? Because if he does not, "the Government will find out and kill him."

However, a Mangyang will not confess his crime if he is guilty of stealing—"because he is too ashamed," Kailuan translated seriously. Nevertheless, if he is accused, he will poetically admit the truth.

This "effeminate, savage tribe," oddly enough, is violently in-

clined. Their instruments are the jive, a piano, which is carved out of bamboo, and a guitar, a miniature, hand-carved, chess-string guitar. One Mangyang family obliged us by playing a tune, and we hastily obliged them to stop. By comparison, jive on the radio solo was a Brothers waste. The only song a Mangyang sings is a rather lullaby for his children—again reminding the lovely busy waver of New Guinea.

As far as the war was concerned, they of course did not know what it was all about. They were in dread of all plans, whether Jap or our own, and ran to hide in the grass when any approached. They understood the meaning of bombs, and were afraid if they were men they would have had bombs dropped on their tails.

A few Mangyangs have wandered far enough away from the safety of the hills to wander into a camp area where moons were being shown. They were convinced that the screen shadows they saw were real people. Because they talked.

When we said goodbye to the last Mangyang family on our writing list, we patting the head of the kindly cutting his hair with a hole comb. And one of the children was delighted to discover that a black ball we had discarded made a delicious toothy ring—at an unconscious risk of "looting a tooth."



"Finally, and I want you to know, finally, that pretty welcome to stop and as long as you like!"

WHEN Japanese troops occupied Bali, one of their official demands was that several hundred young single women be turned over to army use. Anti-Aging, the native policeman, immediately ordered a mass marriage between all young men and women on the island.

According to reports, the trick worked. The reprehensible Japs did not molest the bumper crop of Balinese brides.

Plan for THE HOME OF TODAY (No. 19)



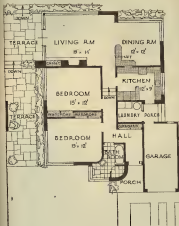
PREPARED BY W. WATSON SHARP, AGAIA

Sloping home-sites present their own—particular planning problems. It is the rule of the designer always to plan a home that, when completed, looks as though it grew out of that very piece of ground—that, with its garden setting, actually becomes part of it.

A badly planned house that sticks up high above the ground on one side surely looks as well as one that appears to be nesting down-into its setting. The longer lower lines of modern design have helped a lot in creating the impression of houses and land being united as one. They are logical, and logical planning can go a long way in solving the problems of the sloping site.

This plan offers a solution for land that falls away from the street. It is basically, dropping the floor level to conform with the ground's slope. Bedrooms and bathrooms are on the higher level, while the living rooms and the kitchen are on the lower level. The areas called height to the street seems which every home owner would consider an attraction in itself.

The difference in level takes place in the hall, where it does not constitute an inconvenience. It serves also to form an effective division between the living and sleeping sections of the house.





PREFABRICATED HOMES

By W. WATSON SHARP, A.R.A.I.A.

INFORMED opinion in Australia

is a almost unanimous that there are neither the total population nor the concentrations of population here for the production of homes, even to develop such a major industry, threatening to take the place of the present war building method.

It is possible, however, that the current housing future will make it possible for prefabrication for units to operate successfully for a number of years. One important factor often overlooked is that it is not necessary for a house to be completely built in one factory. Like cars, various portions may be built in different plants placed near the source of raw materials.

Four British-built prefabricated houses have been imported for experimental purposes. Out of these one from the Australian prefabricated house.

Of these the "Arush" is the most completely prefabricated. It is of aluminium and is of four main units. Four lorries are used to transport the house to the site and a mobile crane to put it in the previously prepared foundations. Erection takes only a few days, plus the time required to connect up the services, such as gas, water and electricity.

This is a two-bedroom house, with one large living room, kitchen and bathroom.

The "Taurus" is a reinforced concrete house, waterproofed and

insulated. It is joined together at the angles and has an asbestos cement roof, wooden window frames and doors. Accommodation is the same as in the "Arush."

The "Arush" is made up of steel frame units, clad with asbestos, cement both inside and out. Glass wool is used as an insulation between walls and the roof.

The fourth experimental house, the "Uro-Gate," is mainly a product of the native industry and could be prefabricated by builders, joinery firms and other tradesmen forming themselves into a manufacturing group. It is a timber frame, covered with asbestos cement, with ceilings of fibroboard and floors of wood panels. It is finished with a flat roof.

Basically, these imported houses vary only slightly from prefabricated houses now being built in Australia. A firm of builders has been erecting houses on the same principle as the "Uro-Gate" for a number of years. Houses with walls of complete slabs of water-proof concrete are being built at Goswells, N.S.W., and in Victoria. Several firms offer prefabricated houses built on frames of steel tubes or steel angle sections.

All these systems offer considerable freedom of design and plan, but not quite the same freedom as in the older method. Consequently, a reduced price must be the added attraction to gain public favour.

The plan is for a two-bedroom house, and the maximum facilities for outdoor living have been given. The living and dining rooms on the lower level are really one big room, divided by a bookcase cabinet which incorporates the sideboard. Interest in the living section is centred around the fireplace, with a heavy cabinet at the side.

Large windows from both these rooms carry down almost to the floor, so their full advantage may be taken of the flower boxes outside them. Glass doors from the living room open out on to the paved terrace, also edged with flower boxes. The driveway wall is continued out into the terrace to form a division which coincides with that between the bedrooms and the living portion and also the break in levels between the two sections of the terrace, as in the house.

The garage is placed where it is handy to the street, and has an access from the rear porch. The bathroom is convenient for the bedrooms, and for the station.

Room rates are suggestions only and may stand considerable variation. As shown, and at £150 per square, this house would cost £2,200.



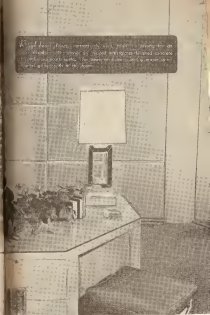
Ideas FOR THE HOME OF TODAY

Count on the family fireplace plays a most important part in the domestic scheme of comfort. Fit your fireplace to your vision— as, for example, a simulated log electric fire to match a modern living room, even in the undecorated costume mantelpiece and streamlined glasser.

A pleasant and sensible arrangement for an open fireplace is one which incorporates both fireplace and a cubby-hole for logs. The brick hearth upon which the fireplace is set is kept in its natural coloring, repeated at the back of fireplace and cubby-hole. The boxed shelf lends itself to an asymmetrical arrangement of a desert garden and glass bowl.



After dinner, guests are invited to relax in the living room or on the porch. The room is decorated with comfortable and cozy furniture and decor. The room is a perfect place to relax and enjoy the view of the garden.



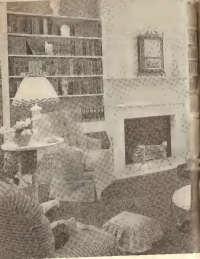


A deep, arched grille in a formal setting creates the pared garden room. The deep molding of the frame makes the fireplace stand out dramatically from the walls.

—Daphne Photo



A whole manufacturing set against a mirror makes a dramatic frame for a big fire. The styled metal work of the fire-days is repeated in the mold of the mirror/bracket—used in the entrance to hold a model shop.



An electric log fire, joined by shining metal firelogs, blends with the delicate white-wood surroundings and hearth. The white surroundings and shelf maintain the early Victorian spirit, even to candles and the old clock.



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Benny

TAKE A GOOD LOOK--



BEFORE A LONG BLOW

Gene



Arise

YOUR LUNCH-TIME ENJOYMENT—

Page 30

Australia CAVALCADE



—DEPENDS ON THE MINE.

Arise

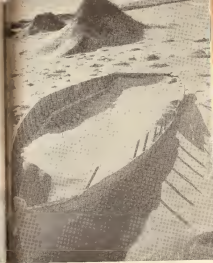
October, 1944

Page 31



Le Gasp

EVERY WANDERING WAYFARER—



—SURRENDERS TO THE SANDS OF TIME

Anchor



Problem of the Month

☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆☆

It was said once the black mark on another man's forehead or forehead on both the other man, he is to marry, resembling and carrying wheeling and he has removed what color mark is on his own forehead. It is supposed that each man has black marks. All three men white, and then Parker, the youngest son, removed it out black.

Answer

It is a good idea to have a black mark on the forehead of the dog, and a black mark on the chest of the dog. The black mark on the forehead is a good idea, because it is a good idea to have a black mark on the forehead of the dog. The black mark on the chest is a good idea, because it is a good idea to have a black mark on the chest of the dog.





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FICTION SECTION



Death by Talking

His life was impossible—even though he knew nothing about it until it came! him.

JOHN GULTON

EVERY year for fifteen years,

Emily Brown had taken her annual holidays in May. Every year, she had gone to Glen Head, Longfella. Emily disliked new change, and the guest house had not changed hands, staff or appearance in all that time. She could count on seeing the same people there each year, because Glen Head at-

tracted a sprinkling of public servants, like herself, on leave.

She could be sure of having someone to discuss the appalling lack of department in the new crop of junior typists, to deplore the impudence of the younger generation, and converse in her own snug little world happily.

She came down to breakfast on

the first morning after her arrival as Anna, the elderly waitress, was putting her breakfast on the table.

"Good-morning, Miss Brown," and Anna: "Nice morning."

"It is indeed," agreed Emily cordially.

She pulled her skirt down primly, and sat down to porridge and cream eggs and bacon, meat and marmalade, and some of Miss Watson's excellent coffee. The elderly man sitting opposite looked up once.

"May I trouble you for the sugar?" he asked, politely.

"I beg your pardon," said Emily, humbly obliging.

After breakfast she went out on to the front verandah and dozed comfortably in the easy lounge. The rain still poured down, but not so heavily as it had earlier. Emily's pleasant little nap came to an abrupt end when someone tripped over the end of the lounge.

"I beg your pardon," apologized the elderly man. "Did I hurt you?"

Emily shook her head.

"Not at all."

"I'm sorry if I disturbed you, but I don't see very well without my spectacles."

"That's quite all right," assured Emily. "I think it's time for morning tea."

"Oh, yes. Yes. I think so. Wretched weather, isn't it?"

Emily peered out into the slanting grey streaks of rain.

"I think it will break before long," she opened, after due consideration.

"Quite possibly," agreed the elderly man. He went over to a table and opened a book that was

on it, placed a pair of reading spectacles on his nose, and began to read, making some on a pad he produced from his pocket.

Emily wondered vaguely made to morning tea. Anna faded over her like an elderly hen.

"Was that Mr. Brown you were talking to, Miss Brown?"

"Mr. Brown? I don't know, Anna. He was at my table for breakfast."

"That's right." Anna lowered her voice reverentially. "He wears books!" she confided.

"Butter? Hecster Butter?" asked Emily.

"That's right," said Anna.

Emily blinked a couple of times. She had actually read the works of the man on the verandah Good, sensible books they were, some books about early colonial settlers.

"Why, Anna, he's a very strange man," she questioned excitedly.

"So they tell me. Cannot, I never read books myself," said Anna.

She did not go to the tea-lounge walk. Instead, she got out her pen and writing pad . . .

"Dear Charles I thought I'd let you know I arrived safely, after an uneventful journey. The place is much the same, I am pleased to say, and Hector Brown is staying here. We sit at the same table and had an interesting talk this morning. I understood he is writing another of his progressing books."

When it reached the girls in the office, the effect was nothing short of devastating.

"To think that old hen . . ."

"Our Emily . . ."

"After all these years . . ."

"She certainly knows how to ask them . . ."

"Isn't it disgusting?"

It was a choice lot of houses amongst the girls who had come under the lash of Emily's sponsor-like tongue.

Joan had an appointment for lunch with Dot, who had once worked with Emily.

"Darling," she cried, before they had fairly got settled in the cafe. "Guess what?"

"You're engaged?"

"No." Joan waved her hands excitedly. "Emily Brown."

"What? Engaged?"

"No. Not engaged. But we had a letter from her the morning after she's on leave. And she's not Hector Brown. Emily's gone all girlly round the knee."

"Hector Brown?"

"Yes. You know, those awful rougher novels . . ."

"Oh, Hector Brown. Not really?"

"Yes. They're staying at the same guest house."

"Really?"

"Yes. Of course, she goes there every year. But he's staying there too, and the poor old thing's gone head over heels about him."

Dot waggled her head dolefully.

"Gosh, then worse at that age, doesn't it?"

"I'll say. Well, poor old Emily. Have you seen . . ."

They launched into a discussion as novices.

Dot went back to the office and headed for the telephone.

"Darling," she said, when she

finally got her number. "Remember when we waited with Joan? That delightful old hen, Emily Brown, who ran the place? Well, you won't believe this, I know, but she wrote and told Joan. And you wouldn't believe a word, but she's actually hooked a man. At her time of life, must you. Isn't it? Oh, Hector Brown—the woman books, she says. Just the kind old Brown would go for. Oh, bother. There goes my business. I'll ring you later, Ann . . ."

As soon as she had hung up after Dot's call, Ann picked up the phone and dialled another number.

"Jo—Ann here. You just had a call from a friend of mine. A friend of hers had a letter from a girl she works with—Emily Brown. You—I worked with her once—years ago. That's right. Well, Emily has apparently cleared out with Hector Brown."

Yes, that's right. They're at the same guest house, well, from what I gathered, it's a positive scandal. No, Jo, don't do that. This is in strict confidence. I wouldn't have told you . . . But she's whole thing is disgusting."

Jo put the phone back into the cradle. She put out her hand to lift it up again, and then looked at the clock. With a bit of a spurt, she could make it . . .

Snuggling-in to bed, she scuttled out the door and headed for the shops. Buttons, hankies, gloves, gossamer—but, as she waited for the bus, she spied her quarry.

"Hello, Miss Books," she chirped. "Sleeping?"

"Obviously," agreed Miss Rocks.

"Such a bother, isn't it?" prattled so brightly "How's that clever brother-in-law of yours? I believe he's working on a new book."

"So I'm given to understand."

"A bunch of nonsense," rattled on Jo, "was talking me all about it. A bunch of nonsense is with him."

There was that about her voice which gave Miss Rocks cause for wonder.

Miss Rocks rang the doorbell of her sister's flat with an emphatic ring.

Mrs. Bristow opened the door. "Why, Aggie, what brings you here at this time of day?"

"Aggie, I've got some bad news for you," said Miss Rocks without any preamble.

"Bad news?"

"Yes. I'd better come inside and tell you."

"Well?" demanded Mrs. Bristow, when her sister had dumped the string-bag on the floor and sat upright in a hard chair.

"Where's Hector?"

"Hector? He's away."

"I know he's away. He's staying at a guest house. Give him my regards."

"That's right. How did you know?"

"Because," said Jimmy Rocks deliberately, "he's staying there with another woman, and she's bringing about it to all her friends."

Agatha Bristow sat down suddenly.

"Jimmy, you're crazy. He wouldn't do a thing like that. He—only, it's ridiculous."

"I tell you, Aggie, it's right. Her name's Emily Brown. It's common gossip."

"But who told you?"

"A girl I know. She is friendly with some of the Emily Brown's friends."

"I don't believe it, but . . ."

"Remember what happened before you married him, Aggie. I always said . . ."

Every time they worked it out, there was always a last. Jimmy had always disapproved of Hector. She disliked the way in which he made a living, herself though it might be.

Early next morning, Agatha Bristow saw her solicitor.

"Divorce?" he said, when he had heard the story. "My dear Mrs. Bristow—this is distasteful. You must have read that game hearing. Why don't you go up there and get him? There must be some explanation."

Agatha, red-eyed and fretful after a sleepless night, set her mouth tightly.

"If you won't," she said, still hearing Jimmy's promptings, "someone else will do it for me."

And the solicitor raised his eyes speechily—but seemed to write the letter.

Henry Bristow called at the Tonpalla Post Office and asked for his mail. The postmistress handed over half a dozen letters. He went there, reading them . . .

As she did afterwards, with morbid delight:

"He read this letter, and then he read it again. 'Good God,' he said—and he dropped dead. Just like that . . ."

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She was an interesting case. He felt he could help her to overcome her failing...by studying cases and effect.

Her TAKING

T. W. MATHAN

DOCTOR Arkhonor Blawie considered that the quality of mental cases was indispensable to a rising psychiatrist, so for some years he had cultivated it with great pains. In view of this, it was most unfortunate that he ever undertook to treat the late socialite, Miss Moore-Moore-Jones.

It was a bright spring morning when first the high heels of the woman stubbed the carpet of Doctor Blawie's surgery. He seated an inward disturbance the moment he saw her, for she was even more attractive than the social columns

had indicated with her numerous photographs.

She was attired in dancing style, her figure was a symphony of bewitching curves, and her silken curls were two lyrics in flesh. In short, anyone less refined than Doctor Blawie would have described her as "a dashing girl."

He motioned her to a chair and pleasantly inquired:

"Well, Miss Jones, what are you complaining of?"

As she looked up at him her big dark eyes were full of pathos.

"Oh, doctor!" she cried "You

must help me—I'm in trouble! Somebody sent me an anonymous letter saying you'd be the right one to come to. I'm afraid I have a sort of general disease. You see, I—er—take things."

She dropped her eyes.

He adjusted his elegant monocle. "You mean you take things to drink?" he queried.

"No—not that," she explained. "I take things—er—belonging to other people. I just can't help it. It sort of gets me. It gives me a tremendous thrill when I'm doing it—but it's simply horrid when I'm found out!"

"El'm . . . and how long have you been subject to these attacks?"

"Oh, ever since I was a little girl. I was always getting in trouble over it at home. And it's made me very unpopular among a lot of my friends. It's terribly

"There, there," he soothed. "Of course I can help you. How would you like to have a little holiday at a place in the country where one can look after you?"

"Oh, no! Not out of these places!"

"Oh, well, that shouldn't be necessary, anyhow. We can frequently treat a case like yours simply by psychoanalysis and hypnosis. Don't you worry about it any more, Miss Jones. You just have faith in me, and I assure you I can eradicate that little trouble of yours."

"Oh, thank you, Doctor, thank you! Really, I feel better already."

He patted her shoulder again. Then he studied her hair. She had very pretty hair. His manner definitely wasn't as fatherly as before. She seemed to enjoy it. Presently she stood up, smiling appreciatively.

"Could I see you again tomorrow, doctor?"

"Well, I have a great number of appointments tomorrow—but, oh, well, I'll get some to do you in somehow. We'll get right on to the job then."

When she had gone, he stood at the window of his surgery, watching her crossing the street below. An interesting case, he mused, in fact, a very interesting case. A truly interesting little person—and these are! It was such a shame, but still a lot could be done for himptaneous. He would have to do everything in his power to cure her. . . . It was nice to think that she would be coming again soon.

He picked up a black card, intending to fill in the psychoanalysis

Ways . . .

embarrassing. Doctor, I've lost those funds over it." Here she dropped her eyes again, obviously on mental distress. "I—I've even had some trouble with the police."

"That's unfortunate. Of course, you are not really in need of the things you—er—take?"

"No—not a bit! It's just the thrill of taking them. I've always had everything I've wanted. Dad owns three big sheep stations in N.E.W. and a hotel. . . . Oh, Doctor, I do hope you can do something for me!"

He patted her rounded shoulder in a fatherly fashion.

details of her case. His fingers felt for his gold-mounted bathroom pen, but it was not in his pocket. It was not on the desk either. Strange! He could have sworn it was there a couple of minutes ago. That girl! She must be a worse case than he had imagined. His, he would need to be more watchful next time.

But the loss of his fountain pen did little to decrease Doctor Hiss' wife's appreciation of his late patient. All day his limbs flitted restlessly through his mind. And on the morrow he found himself in a state of bleated anticipation.

However, about five minutes before the time fixed for the appointment, the nurse announced that one Detective Nubbs wished to speak to him on the 'phone.

The detective brought harsh news to a harsh man. "Miss Misses Jones asked me to cancel the date she had with you. She's just been punched for shoplifting at Woodfield's, and she won't be out on bail for a couple of hours."

"Oh—thank you," said the doctor. He replaced the receiver, looking shocked and disappointed. "Poor girl!" he muttered. "How unfortunate!" He was engaged at the depth of his own feelings, for he had never felt that way about a patient before. That girl had certainly troubled his ego.

When she phoned him a couple of hours later, the sound of her voice actually made him tremble.

"Is that you, Doctor? Oh, I've had such an awful experience! I must have been crazy! I tried to steal a tin of boot polish from Woodfield's, and one of those

wretched face-washes caught me."

"Boot polish?" exclaimed the doctor.

"Yes—just for the thrill of it, of course. The store was absolutely crowded, and it was so exciting trying to sneak it off the counter! Excuse me, I do wish I could see you later. I feel so much better after a talk with you."

A strange consciousness came over him. "Well, I've looked up very heavily all the afternoon, Miss Jones, but perhaps you would care to see me tonight? We could go to the theatre and talk things over at supper."

"Oh, doctor, I'd love to!" she returned.

When he had fixed the time and place, Doctor Bawcock leaned back in his chair and muttered to himself, "Am I going insane? Making a date with a kleptomaniac! What an earth has that girl done to me!" He shook his head confusedly. That carefully cultivated composure was certainly taking a few knocks.

He still felt somewhat dazed when he called for her at the evening, and the fact that she responded to his advances made his mental state even more unsettled. Having her beside him in the car was like a dream come true—even if he did have to keep his eye on a few belongings.

Sitting in the theatre, he consciously held his hand, avoiding her more interest in her than in the play. It was this diverted attention which caused him to notice the mild watch incident.

This occurred just before interval. In the semi-darkness, he

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now her long hand went cautiously towards the waistcoat of the elderly gentleman on the other side. There were a few more seconds of manipulation. Then the hand stole back, clasping a watch, which immediately disappeared into her bosom.

The doctor's heart sank. He pressed her arm suddenly "Mama," he whispered in a tone of anguished reproach.

She gave a little shiver as she realised she had been observed. A moment later he would almost feel the glow of the blush that suffused her countenance.

Doctor Barwick then began tracing his mental operations to their source. Fortunately the old gentleman was entirely unaware of his loss. He was very taciturn, and appeared to be slightly under the influence, for he had made a number of numerous comments during the show. Also, he had a receding forehead, which brought the area of manipulation below his line of vision.

Now that watch had to be put back and the quicker the better, for there was no knowing when he might notice its absence. As Morris was now thoroughly aroused, the doctor realised the danger of interrupting the task to her. His hands slowly moved up.

"Give me the watch," he whispered. "If I slip it back in we're out at interval."

Interval came and the old gentleman turned the long queue flowing towards the door. Fortunately the doctor brushed past him, subtly replacing the watch as he did so.

The show was both disastrous and successful, and its accomplishment brought a strange and vital thrill to the doctor's hand. Somehow she thought that he had handled another person's property, as another person's pocket, and a large crowd, who were completely unaware of it, was anxiously anticipating it was a dynamic new experience. His idea as if his entire past had been without significance, and that now, for the first time, he was enjoying the fullness of real life.

A few seconds later he turned back, and, quite involuntarily, but with just as much skill, his hand slipped again into the old gentleman's pocket and recovered the watch.

There was a strange brilliance in his eyes as he stepped Morris's son.

"Come on, my dear!" he said "Quickly—we're going!"

Not until they were in the shadow of a by-street a long way from the theatre did he seem to explain.

"Darling," he said, "I feel that I am understanding you at last. No wonder you were so taken things! The one thing I can't understand is why on earth you want to be cured of such a delightful habit! I think it's absolutely thrilling! I've never known anything so exciting in my life! You and I had better keep going together, and I'll let you have lots of fun!"

Here he took her in his arms and gave her an extended kiss.

As she responded, her delicate fingers moved gradually towards the pocket where he had placed the watch.

STOP WEARING GLASSES

Remarkable Method of Eye Training
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Have you ever thought why you wear glasses? Is it because you think you can't see without them? Maybe you couldn't see the board clearly at school, or you were told by an eye specialist who prescribed glasses — and you've worn them ever since.

And you've changed them a few times, haven't you? Yes, of course you have. Every year or so you go back to have a complete test because your eyes were getting weaker.

Anyway, you ask, what's it all about? Just that you hadn't worn them any longer. That is, of course, provided you're not one of those monthly lumpy individuals.

Ever heard of Eye Culture? I don't mean just that exercise book — . . . moving the eye around and all that — many people seem to think that's all there is to it, but there's far more in Eye Culture than just moving the eye around.

There was a rather pathetic case of a girl who wanted to be a model; she had talent, too, but there was a terrible handicap. One eye had been turned so that she was three or four degrees blind and suffered a great deal of discomfort. She had worn glasses more than half her life. On top of all that she was very highly nervous and had Myasthenia. Myasthenia was known as a condition in which the eyelid muscles were quickly fatigued and it caused continuously from early in life about one inch

of exotropia (Sis) and another thing — the model's measurement. If you pointed at one hour in a row she would always think you were pointing to one about five away.

Anyway, she went to the Eye Culture room in July, 1938. In about 4 weeks all discomfort had disappeared and in 2 months there was noticeable improvement in every way. My daughter who was able to discard the glasses altogether. In July, 1941, the "turned" eye was much "straighter," the Myasthenia much less noticeable and the concentration was improved. By March, 1942, her sight was normal. A stranger couldn't detect any pain in the eye, all trace of Myasthenia had disappeared and she could concentrate on any given point with ease or back over 1000 feet without and able to devote hours to work, as was her ambition. Remember, with eye culture there's no need for glasses. No appliances. No eye drops. No discomfort. Isn't that what you want?

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Mr. H. B. Jones, Building 104
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EYE CULTURE IN SYDNEY (ESTABLISHED 1929)



SOMEONE should have warned me Doug Pincopon had a smooth line of talk. His argument ran along the lines of clothes, jewels, cars and furs. He slanted a glowing picture of a greenhouse in the clouds, then clattering box-ographs and voices prevailing at my feet. It sounded so attractive that I did not notice the door of the greenhouse closing behind me. Doug had me in. I was going to become a wonderer.

"Mumme," snuffed Doug as he whisked me on to the boardwalk bars. "You have the natural grace and power of a queen. You were throwing away your talent behind that

beef bar. You're a cluck. You'll drive the crowds. You're the classiest woman wonderer I've ever clapped eyes on."

"Doug," I snuffled. "Don't get me wrong. I like you, and I like the way you dragged me out of the lower basement. But listen, I've never hurt anyone in my life. I'm not a fighter. I've never been one for the compartment. I'm mild, am I? And if I'm mild, I won't go around down-casting other dames."

Doug said: "You're a laugh. It's obvious you've never been in the fight game before, even if you have been coming with the four-sherry beer cash. Wrestling's a



THE WOMAN IN THE RING

She was a girl to love, and could wrestle like a champion—but she was still a girl to love.

BETTY LEE

put me to shame. Now and then he would forget I was a mere woman and throw me out of the ring in disgust. Doug would pick his teeth and giggle at me as I struggled through the ropes. The whole thing was murder to my feminine vanity.

One morning, from the middle of a Roman crab, I said: "Doug, who's my first match?"

Doug said: "I haven't decided. You're shaping well, old girl, but I don't want you killed off first go. I've been considering a few fairly prospects, and the best so far is Woolloomooloo Winsie. She's tough, but she has an Achilles heel."

I managed to break out of the Cash Divide, I did under Bead's massive rock of a rump and applied the scissors. He grunted indignantly and allowed me to have my fun.

"Doug," I pouted. "She sounds interesting, but do you think I should wrestle a girl with a deformity?"

"A deformity?"

"The heel you talked about..."

recked, see? There's nothing to it. Everyone knows it's faked. Get wise to yourself, Maime... be in the swim. With your wonder and my adding machine mind, we should go places."

Maybe I'm dumb. My mother told me once never to take the advice of a stranger, and I only met Doug Pincopon once before that day. He was resourceful, but definitely my type. For the sake of his approval I mentioned the hair-ripped hair.

Expert instruction came later. Doug bowed a graceful second Bead no touch on the floor points of the game. I was a big girl. But Bead

"Then, my honey babe," commented Doug, "is merely a weak spot in her defense. She's married. With children. You can whisper notes on the east and feeling of intense into her ear and she'll drop everything to listen. She has been known to lose a boat when her opponent's seconds produced a landing-battle at the side of the ring. But if no great weapon is forthcoming, she's likely to dehydrate you."

"Tough," I murmured. He walked over and patted Rand on the shoulder.

"Let her go, dear. That's enough for today."

"Doug," I ventured, "how about you and I going dancing tonight? I know a sweet little club—celebrated. And I know the manager will enough to get plenty of liquor."

His eyes dripped across my face. "Mama," he choked. "Ain't you ashamed? You're da training. No liquor, no smokes—no late night."

I said "Doug, I'm a woman."

"Mama," he said, "I sometimes wonder if you have any sense of gratitude at all. I have the best guy in town for you—an expert instructor. I pay your living expenses—buy you a new hat, and treat you to meals whenever you want it. What more can a girl want?"

I smacked my knuckles. "Are you kidding?"

The night after I signed the contract to write Woollamooloo Wane, Doug asked me to go dancing with him. "Mama, I'm proud of you," he grinned. "As soon as I saw you slipping her down that bar, I knew you were

a natural for the ring. The hour with Wane is going to put us on top. Let's celebrate."

I spent hours at the hair-dresser's. I had a manure and a towel, and I bought a new, ready-made dinner frock, because I had grown out of my others. Doug was to call for me at eight. I was ready at seven. I sat on the floor and chewed my nails, regardless of hygiene, audibly counting the seconds. When the doorbell rang, Doug was standing in the mat, together with another man who looked like a cross between Marie Bonadonna and King Kong.

Doug said: "Mama... meet Oscar Brown. Oscar Brown... this is Mama."

I murmured, "How do you do," and practically slammed the door in their faces.

"Come in," said Doug cordially to the intruder, and they both stepped across the threshold, brushed past me and started the sale.

"Doug," I ventured, "are we going out dancing. Remember, we were celebrating?"

Doug smiled. "Just a minute, Mama. The gentleman here is an advertising expert. He stands up counts to put people across. He's clever. People pay him a lot of money for publicity."

Mr. Brown grinned bashfully. "Fact is, Mama," went on Doug, "we've hired Mr. Brown to handle publicity for us."

I got mad. "O.K. . . . O.K. Let him advertise. Let him pay up. Nobody owes him to Oscar. But if we don't go soon, we'll lose that table at Joseph's."

"Mama," murmured Doug

"I want you to try this one, Miss Gray, it's my best seller..." (says the Chemist)



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"You don't understand. That part of the problem is a confidential. Anybody can do that. Mr. Brown is a driver. He has in his pocket a contract, already signed by Wadsworth Winick, which will get us across with the wrestling fans. It's a matter. It isn't hard."

"All right," I said. "Let's get it over. You give me the paper and I'll sign. But if we don't get going, we'll lose the sale. And Doug . . . this is the first time I've been out for months."

Doug said: "All right," and Mr. Brown fished into his inside pocket for the contract.

They handed me a fountain pen and indicated the dotted line. I hesitated. "As long as I don't have to parade down the main street on a white horse, or anything like that."

Doug shook his head. "Nothing like that. We're filling the ring with mud. You and Winick are going to fight for the title in a few days."

I spluttered. "I have early night for six months in a row. I can't eat drinking and smoking and just eating chocolate. I don't want smoking; neither does my wife, but I do draw the line at doing it in front."

"Dadgad," said Doug. "The whole thing has been laid up. You've been set to win the bout. We want the house packed. Winick's not a bad name, but you're unknown. If we publicize the good angle, we should pack them to the doors." He paused to note my reaction. "Mmmm, how," he murmured. "Do it for me. Just for me."

His eyes twinkled.

I was known. I said "O.K."

The house was packed to the doors. They had to struggle not into the dressing-rooms, designated as a clubhouse. The Alpha two would have been out to pitch otherwise. As Doug rubbed me down he said: "Now, give them a good show. Don't be afraid of anything. Just go in there and do your darndest. Remember, I'm all for you."

I said: "I could interpret that many ways, Doug."

"You're too sentimental, Mamma," he mumbled. "You've got to keep yourself out of business. It never works."

I thought quickly. "Now, look at Louie and Frankie—Gloria and Leigh . . ."

"Mamma," he said, "you're on!"

They had spread the ring with mud, six inches deep. The crowd was going mad. As soon as I made my appearance at the ring-side, they stood to their feet and booed as though I was a bill-collector instead of a wrestler.

Wadsworth Winick appeared a few minutes later. They booed him, too. That crowd was a tough one. Winick made faces at them and bowed her muscles at the ring-side. She ignored me completely until the bell for the first round struck and we walked in for the referee's hold.

The first contact with the gas was startling. It was very cold, and it reached uncomfortably over my waders. My first thought was one of relief! At least I could keep my face out of it. The next second I had changed my mind. Winick leaned down, scooped a fat handful of the mud and hurled it

at my head. I closed my eyes, but I could hear the roar from the crowd. The gas did from my forehead to my nose, then down to my mouth. Slowly, with a volume of expression on my action, I wiped it from my face and eyes and glared at Winnie. She was standing upright in the mud, growing at me.

Leaping forward, I grabbed her around the waist and we both slid on the sticky mud. With a twist, I got her into a Boston crab, but she countered it quickly and I found myself growing as she applied the spins. This was the real thing. I glanced quickly at my corner for Doug, but he was missing. It demoralized me. My attention wavered for a moment, and Winnie bent down on me even louder. My thighs were aching. I hung my arms around Winnie's body, but the mud slid from under

my fingers and I lost hold. The gas was edging its way into my mouth. I spat out a desperate smother, then gathered up a few British and slapped them into Winnie's face. She lost hold and staggered. That was my chance. Twisting my body, I applied a scissor and she toppled the man.

The rest of it was a sticky conglomeration of holds, mud and shreds from the audience. I can not remember how many holds I tried, but I was certain that Winnie was losing. I was dazed. I was covered with mud from head to foot, except for two holes that were my eyes. I was tired. The whole thing had lost its novelty. I was about to give up and walk out of the ring when the referee walked over to me and held up my hand. I suppose I was the winner.

Afterwards, one of my opponents wiped the mud from my face and gave me a bowl of water.

I said: "Doug?"

He was there. He said: "Mama, you were magnificent." His eyes were glowing. Mud and all, I could have lived that name. I murmured: "Doug, let's you and I go and have some supper somewhere."

He looked sheepish. "Sorry, Mama. I can't do that. I've already promised."

My legs and arms were aching. I felt all in. I said: "Who is it?"

She came from behind him. And at least she looked as unattractive as I did. "Mama," said Doug, "men are wife . . . Well, welcome home Winnie."

I picked up a handful of mud. Someone should have warned me.



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2 10 Seconds to Comb and
Brush—How has a look
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304

VITALIS

Washes the scalp—draws the hair



MUSIC without SOUND

He lived for a day when he'd re-discover music.
When it came, he knew he wouldn't go back.

L. DOUGLAS MACLAY

A LONG waste of beach, a bird walking along it, an empty immense blue sky, met the stranger's eyes as he welcomed.

He was sore and stiff and blood was congealed on his fingers and knees and upper lip. He had lain on the beach through the night while the wind whined slowly away into sea. When he awoke from delirium it was a moment's shock as to find the cream white walls enclosing him and the air sweetly vibrating to the ship's

engine. He began to rub slowly.

He might be anywhere. The beach looked like any other in the South Pacific. He knew nothing of ships or sea walls. He rubbed his hands tenderly on his draggled clothing. He was not hungry and he felt no anxiety for the moment.

There would be music when they bowed at the wreck. What city others would trace that noisy culture in pink darkness? They would mount him to three count-

seats. He must get to someone's phone and ring through before they misreported his death to the papers. They would not believe it was he, he must look such a scarecrow. . . . Then he thought eagerly of a hot shower and shave, and a good solid breakfast. And a piece to work with, despite his fingers being damaged with clapping to slapping, splintered wood on the morning, belaboring him. He must be in top form for his next act! . . . His machine playing was the result of a precise occasion; his whole life revolved round the piano and the sounds his supple fingers drew from the keys; it was his world and his play, his happiness and his ideal.

Some time passed. It was getting hotter. He struggled and rose to his feet. He looked towards the beach and there he saw a dozen or so black men, moving about, all gazing at him in curious awe. Then he felt suddenly like one taken. He had hoped the place was some civilized country — for he had drifted in the gale-lashed night, or where the ship had been when it foundered. But when he saw these people, white and black, with a soft strip, various yet really to bound away at an elbow, he was reminded of wild constraints he had seen, and he knew beyond doubt that these people had seen no man like him before. They were natives.

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They built him a small hut but like their own into their village in a spot he chose. One he called Lena attended to that, for the yesterday took a fancy to him and relied on him for everything. He

quickly regained his strength, and his graying brown beard and hair changed and softened the natives.

There was no counting of time.

He filed his finger nails incessantly, while his toe nails grew longer and longer. He made a little garden beside his hut. His abandoned all hope of music and returned. In he could be admitted that his position was hopeless. When strength returned to his body it began to demand the exercise for which it had been trained and disoriented for thirty years. Then began his finger's terrible itching.

An unbearable longing forced down his arms till his fingers ached to feel the smooth cool keys of a piano again and to come the third of hammer on string and the vibration and the sound.

The mechanical action became a necessity. He drummed with his fingers on the sand, on his knees which showed through his tattered pants. He tapped his fingertips on tree trunks. He flexed and wrung his hands to keep them supple.

The natives peered on him when he did these things, and he wondered what they supposed. They were, as always, kind.

Music was not lost to him, he played silent, unaccompanied music in his head. But somehow the means with which he had once attempted to perfect music was far more important than the end.

One day, after some dumb discussion, Lena gave him a knife, and he wandered about, seeking in the bush till he found the kind of wood he felt he needed. He chopped and carved and whittled for a very long time till he had 85 pieces of wood, which he smoothed



The astonished
duck sank !

● The duck in real duck—then actually an over-all made because Torpoff had entered the oil from its feathers. When that happened, the duck was no longer capable of floating.

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with mud till they felt quite stiff. Then with great care placed by the woman he watched those pieces in a sub-structure and weighed the ends, and experimented until he was satisfied. The result was a crude formula of a paste lay-board, with legs that could be depressed and released. It was a great relief to have it finished at last and to be able to exercise his fingers on it while motions followed in his head.

He kept this thing in his hat and let the natives come and look at it, and upon he wondered what they thought. They smiled at it and at him and clattered.

He practiced vigorously on his conception, for so long in the morning and so long in the afternoon. His native friends at first found the finger interesting, later grew tired of watching him at that and left him alone. Sometimes he over-moved a tangible thing and he heard then a couple sort of gasps used by the natives but which spoke well to chances from the works of the more barbaric computers. The natives never tired of that position. Although he and they could not converse on the simplest subjects, such as the weather, they asked eagerly for Stravinsky and so on in their broad accents. He would announce the name of the computer before he played a note and the noted black audience would listen and repeat the name, though what they thought it meant he never knew. He stayed in his hut for days at a time, living with his fingers on the bounding legs, harmonies singing in his mind.

When his board was white and the hair on his hand very thin a

ship came into the harbor a few miles from his village. He had not heard of it and was surprised and incredulous when the ship, placed with the friendly treatment received from the natives, came with an armed escort, in response to their urgent beckoning, to see the village wonder.

It was difficult to find speech again. He cracked out a creaky word or two. He told them he was a musician, a pianist. He showed them his makeshift game with pride.

They had a real piano on the ship. He was delighted with joy when he heard that and fairly danced on his shaky old legs, and could hardly wait till he had made the difficult, daring journey to the harbor. With the rest of the white men watched and joined the east away went before the piano. His long fingers caressed the lay-board, and he sat down in front of it, put his foot over the pedal, and, spreading his hands, played a chord.

In terror he hung up.

The terrible noise (the thing made) His hand sang with the sounds his fingers had forced from those harmless-looking yellowed keys.

Shaking his head, frightened, he let them help him away from the terrible instrument.

The natives were glad to have him back, played at the instrument taken in their wonder. The woman sat up, some thinking with pity at the old musician and his heartbreaking tone.

But the black men, watching him playing on his keyboard, knew better than to pry further.

consigned him and his parents to an attic, where, unconscious of the noise which shared his studio—except for their modelling worth—the youth continued to draw. When he finally managed to display his work to the critical newspaper editor, he had with him a number of caricatures. All were of men.

The humorous editor rejected the sketches as promptly as he had earlier received his rights as critic. This time, the youth sought consolation from a friend who owned alescope which, although frequently out of action, opened and frequently well to persuade the owners of the town to attend screenings of Marrow drawings.

They experimented. The unimmaculate were taken to the city,

where hangers were known as films. There was talk there, too, that sound would sometimes accompany the paintings, and even that films would one day be shown in color. It was an idea with possibilities. People thought along the lines of the films being used for educational purposes . . . for illustrating technical details, or history scenes which hitherto had been out of the reach of ordinary films. For a time, the youth lived in a world of endless horizons. His ideas were there, if only they could be explained. Those who saw the scenes here and there liked them. Soon the youth was offered backing for his project.

Then was the world introduced to Marlow Marrow and his creator, Wally Darrow.



HE was the only one of 12 children to survive. His father was a man of harsh disposition and virulent temper, his mother the gentlest of women. It was she, who despite the fact that the family was close to poverty, managed with the help of her uncle to send the boy to Eton and Cambridge.

He himself was shy and quiet, and it has been said that there has been no more unspeakable character in English literature than he. It was fitting to his temperament that he should turn to poetry.

In this field, he was encouraged by a friend, Horace Walpole, who, approving of a poem, suggested that he should submit it for pub-

lication. Fearing ridicule, he refused, but, as a concession, he agreed to copy it in his own handwriting for the benefit of a few friends. Even so he wrote the copies, he continued to change it, to polish it, until he lost, he felt that he had achieved work which satisfied his own conception of poetry.

A copy fell into the hands of the editor of the *Magazine of Magazines*, who wrote to the poet saying that he would accept it for publication. The poet, in contradiction of established rules, replied indignantly and demanded the return of his poem.

His letter was received too late, and the poem appeared in the

magazine for February, 1751. Its publication brought him the notice he had feared, for it was felt in the literary world that it was light and trivial.

The poet continued to write, he translated Latin poems, and attempted to translate others from English to Latin. But of all his efforts, but one lived after his death; the poem which, written by his own hand, had earned him the scorn of the literary people of his



SYDNEY BORNE

Richard Hillary was among the care-going youths of post-war Oxford who were happy in their casually accepted life of sport, literature and amusements. He was a "work-and-play," a member of the University Air Squadron. When war broke out, he transferred to the Volunteer Reserve Centre at the University; for him was solved the problem of a career.

Sent to Scotland for training, he experienced for the first time the near acceptance and grim resignation of a flyer whose motto did not retreat.

Then came Dunkirk. Hillary volunteered for a fighter squadron, but, to him, war was still a glamorous adventure—a game which would develop man's faculties to the utmost . . . a test in which one either killed or was killed.

On September 3, 1940, Hillary took off on a combat mission. Forced to bail out, he landed in the sea and was picked up every

day. The original copies are today sought eagerly by collectors. The poem suggested eloquently the writer's deep thought of a mundane subject.

And when he died, he was buried in the churchyard at Stoke Poges—the churchyard which had inspired him to write the poem.

His name was Thomas Gray, and the work for which he will always be remembered was his *Stanzas on a Country Churchyard*.

hours later—badly burnt and blind. Months in hospital in which he recovered his sight gave him time also to reassess his values; he realized that the ideals which had served him as an undergraduate would serve him no longer. Then, in London, during the blitz, he was truly revolutionized from his ego-centric selfishness, asked by a woman to assist in harpizing the occupants of a house which had been bombed, he saw for the first time what war meant to humanity. They got a child out first—dead. The woman came next, and the last Hillary saw through the blood was that of a thousand working women, like lifted her arms for the child and began to weep. Hillary realized that she was dying.

"Thank you, sir," she said, so she looked up into his face. "I see they got you, too."

Her words and the scene brought a full realization of the cause of war. He wrote of his revolution so that he might teach

the world to a harmony which he had previously refused to accept. If he could articulate his feelings he felt sure that he would have justified, at least in some measure, his right in fellowship with the dead, and to the friendship of those of courage and steadfastness who were still living, and would go on fighting until the ideals for which their comrades had died

★ ★ ★ ★ ★



COME say that she was a genius, others that she was mad. But perfectly remember Isadora Duncan in a woman who lived a rich, full life.

Dancing was part of her, and crises and that she was sculptress in transition. She brought new in dancing the birth of a new culture—a culture which would flourish from the earth all hatred, all guilts.

In her native America, she was scorned and ridiculed. But in Europe she was fired as a great artist.

The Russians, particularly, understood her. They welcomed her as a guest, put their children under her care, and made her feel that, here at least, she was appreciated.

Isadora Duncan was possessed by one great fear—the fear of death. She thought death would come to her violently—that, indeed, she would die in an automobile accident. Once, she swished back and forth by a bus's front, when the car in which she was travelling overturned as a ditch.

were stamped forever on the future of civilization . . . Death should be given the setting it deserves; it should never be premature; and for a lighter place it never can be . . .

Early in 1943 it was announced that 23-year-old Flight Lieutenant Hillary had been killed in an aeroplane . . .

She emerged from the wreckage unscathed—but the fear remained.

Her temperament permitted her to make no allowance for the day when her body would no longer be able to respond to the call of music. She was, in fact, foolishly spontaneous, and had a not been for her friends, she might have died a proper death.

It was on a cool spring night in 1927 that Isadora Duncan, yielding to the mood of the moment, asked her friend to take her for a drive in his car. It was not often that such a mood moved her. But this day, she felt a need to see the country, to get rid of the foolish fears and fancies which haunted her for so long. She felt that a drive, away from the crowds, away from the city and the buildings, would help her to realign herself again. It was a slim hope, but nevertheless, she got in touch with her friend and started her request. When he assented, she prepared for the trip by winding a long scarf around her head.

She stepped into the car. It started—then, stopped suddenly in order, her friends thought, that

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she might gather up the long fringe of the scarf which trailed over the side of the car.

But indeed, Dorcas was dead.



WHEN Captain Jack McKoon arrived back in Hollywood, there was an unusually big crowd at the station to meet him. He had been shot down by the Nazis and had spent many, weary months in a prison camp. He was, moreover, the winner of film stars, Olivia de Havilland.

To him, he told the story of those months he spent in a German compound, of the indignities and frustrations he had suffered. He told her, too, of the unmerciful strain of misery which he viewed from the compound, the mountains, the conditioning stretch of green fields which resulted out to words freedom.

A week after his return, he and Olivia were invited to attend an informal party at the home of Ludwig Beinhilmsen, Hollywood author and artist. It was a quiet, easy gathering—the sort of evening of which McKoon had dreamed while in prison. For the first time, he seemed to relax. Perhaps the atmosphere had something to do with it . . . the questions, the air of peace promoted by the

The scarf was wound around the spokes of the car wheel, and the sudden jerk had broken her neck . . .

music and pictures which lined the walls of the room in which the party was held—pictures of the street's native village in the American Tyrol.

McKoon made no mention of his experiences. But suddenly, as the music of a joke, he froze and his face turned white. His eyes held a look of unshakable horror. In an agony of suspense, his companions watched as his mouth drew into a tight, almost painful line, and his hands came to quick, labored grips.

He recoiled himself briefly and walked from the room. Olivia followed quickly.

"Was he ill?" she asked. He shook his head—he had merely had a shock. For on the walls of a Hollywood apartment, he had seen a landscape which had momentarily carried him back to his prison cell. It was a simple picture, a row of mountains, a stretch of green fields . . .

Even in freedom, the hated scene followed him. Jack McKoon had been imprisoned in the same village in which his heart had spent his youth!



ON the night of September 19th, 1940, German newspapers carried these headlines: "Night Grief of

British-Sanders Against 21 German Children" . . . "Murder of Children at Berlin, Resisting Grief . . ."

Thus were the German people told that the RAF had deliberately bombed innocent children; and while they read, the authorities in Berlin passed themselves that they had, with one blow, solved two problems . . .

Before the war, Berlin was known the world over, as a model institution for severely deformed children. Conducting the asylum was Doctor Friedrich von Hodelschwingh, a Protestant pastor beloved by people of all religious denominations.

In 1940 he received instructions to deliver to the authorities a number of his worst cases. He refused, and, when Berlin insisted, he journeyed to the capital to protest. He was accompanied by a famous surgeon who had friends in high political circles, and the two representations went directly to the Chancellery.

Here, they were attended to hear that the order should stand; they went to the Minister for Justice, he gave them a little hope,

for he promised to see what could be done.

The pastor returned to his charges. Then, a few days later, came another demand that he should hand over the children. Again he refused.

Berlin ordered his arrest—but the local Gestapo pointed out that the arrest of such a beloved man would create trouble which, even in Nazi Germany, would be hard to subdue.

Back in Berlin, the authorities considered the position . . .

On the evening of September 18, 1941, bombs fell over Berlin. And on the following night, the German press announced that innocent children had been the victims of British strategy; that 21 German children had died in an RAF raid.

Thus had Berlin solved the problem of how the children could be removed without causing an uproar among the people of Berlin. And in the German files were the notes of another "cruel killing."

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Talking Points

• **Devon** Mark—now there's a pleasant subject to talk over. A cheerful, useful subject. We have several things to say on this subject of Devon, but first you probably want to know about the lovely girl your eyes happened on as you picked up this copy of *devonian CAVALCADE*.

Her name is **PAT FIDMAN**. It is a delightful picture by **JOHN LEE**. One of Australia's best glass photographers, and one of our best-loved artists.

Pat is one of the country's most-distinguished cover girl models (like you, both women have, 5 ft. 5 in., 110 lb. in.). She is also, of course, an artist. Photographers especially applaud the way her hair in the professional version, and the hair also seen on the cover.

She played recently in the Sydney Theatre's production of J. B. Priestley's "Engines of Chance" where she was selected by many of our friends of the British Pacific Fleet, who nearly went home.

It's interesting how modelling seems to lead us to further recognition career and photograph when it is stopping time to buy. Consider the case of **DAVIDE LAFARRE**. Australia's most exciting women discovery since Brigid Firth. Her story will be told in our magazine next week — the unknown girl whose photograph appeared on the cover of a *Life* Army magazine, which incidentally came into the hands of British film director **HARRY WATT**, who immediately saw her as the ideal girl to supply Australia young-menstrated in "The Overlanders" which he had come out from England to film.

• We were gratified when a man to whom we were introduced the other day said "Pleased to meet you, I feel your magazine the most entertaining of all the period magazines." That helped. We make a mental note not to let him down, but we never go behind our standard. Confidently, though our readers are infrequently we note that they be extremely available. They are indeed more the maintenance than maintenance, even if you do pick up a few or two. See don't wonder us for anything other than what we aim to be — your pleasure, entertainment completion for a few hours.

• **PREFACE**. With all that is said, we have fixed up an issue for our new season's issue which should ring the bell there are some generous that should, provide your interest. First, we have decided to include a long fiction story as well as one about war. The big one will be "The Battle of Kala" by the distinguished **ABDULLAH**, who wrote a previous tale with a colonial Malayan setting. We will have a cartoon in a grandy volume story by **NIM HICKEY**, "Adventure in the" Also, we have got hold of some **DAVIDE LAFARRE** pictures — that charming, charming-looking girl of Australian homes — and noted to get you and a whole, beginning with "You Can Live as a Woman!" How are you ever you don't? First see what *devonian* has to say. And the following month—December — we shall have **ANDRE MAURON** writing on France in *Life*.



Now young overlanders, please breathe

And breathe the greatest care
To see the very best of light
And to avoid an oversight,
For just imagine here it looks
To find you've left our half the school—

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Foghorn's face again? A nice face, a soft face, a cool
face. A face on which a whisker scarcely dares to
move its head. Bewick find Foghorn's quite heart-
breakingly. The famous atomic boiler blows in,
wounds 'em, welds 'em, stands 'em up and then converts
the steel into a vibrant, purring coalsack.

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